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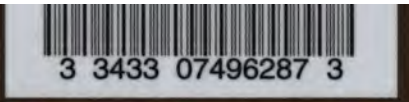
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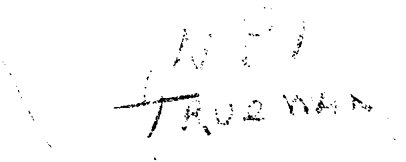
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NBI


TRUMAN

Frontis Piece



The Law was given by Moses. But Grace & truth came by Jesus Christ.

COTTAGE POEMS.

1061

BY D. TRUEMAN.



Oh! give me a Cot in the scented glen,
Where the City's din might never again
Break in on my gladsome rest;
Where Envy and Pride and Guilt are unknown,
Where the heart may sing, to its God alone,
Reclining on Nature's breast.

MOUNTPLEASANT, OHIO.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY ENOCH HARRIS.
1848.

MRS

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Entered according to the act of Congress,
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PREFACE.

In presenting this small volume to an enlightened and discriminating public, permit the author to remark in regard to its publication: That actuated by the purest motives, and in compliance with the earnest solicitations of many friends, he now casts it forth as the humble offering of an honest heart. Many of his fugitive poems which made their first appearance in different Periodicals, were produced under afflicting and disadvantageous circumstances, and will doubtless present to the eye of criticism many imperfections. Yet, in what light soever the public may regard their embodiment, in a neat, cheap volume, the author

consoles himself with the consciousness of intending thereby the suppression of vice, and the promotion of virtue. His object has been to inculcate correct sentiments by familiar illustration, and reform the life through the channels of the heart. How far he has succeeded, time alone can determine.

His pretensions to poetic merit are limited. He presumes not to have enjoyed uninterrupted interviews with the Muse, nor to have been unconsciously elevated by her enchanting strains to the summit of Parnassus. Sweet and consoling as it may be to converse with one's own thoughts alone, his effusions have all been written amid the cares and perplexities of his calling. Hence, should this, his first effort at book-making, even pass unnoticed by some, his vanity would not be incurably wounded. Yet he flatters himself that amid the varied tastes of community, some may be ready to commend.



OH! BRING THE HARP.

Creation wakes her native lay,
To praise the Holy One;
Each leaf 's a harp where zephyrs play,
The forest trees upon.—
Rich were the notes when "it was done,"
Waked by the shining host,
'Ere yet the rays of moon or sun,
Had kissed the Northern Coast.

Oh! bring the Harp, the Psalmist cried,
When home the Ark they bore;

Oh bring the Harp to Kedron's side;
The Lord of life adore.
Bid mountains leap and Oceans roar,
The blissful strain prolong,
Sing on until earth's farthest shore,
Shall echo back the song.

Oh bring the Harp, its hallowed strains,
Can bid our passions cease,
E'er since on Judea's moon-lit plains,
The holy choir sung "peace."
Oh let the thrill of joy increase
That lulls our fears to rest
Let mortals strike the silvery keys
In concert with the blest.

Oh! bring the Harp the widow cheer,
Whose grief but Angels know;
And breathe the songs she love'd to hear,—
Strike softly, sad, and slow;—
'Twill all the wretchedness forego,
That feeds on former Years;
Break up the long-pent fount of woe,
And give relief in tears.

Oh bring the Harp to that fond one,
Whom withering cares consume;
'Twill soothe the heart that sighs alone,
In anguish o'er the tomb;—
'Twill kindle 'mid surrounding gloom
A halo pure and bright,
Give back the cheek its wonted bloom,
The eye its long-lost light.

Oh bring the Harp within the Cell,
And wake some mournful air,
Let music wreathe her magic spell
Around the spirits there;
'Twill chase the clouds of dread despair,
And freedom's breath impart,
Woo earth's wretched ones to prayer,
And melt the callous heart.

The forests sing, and ocean's wave,
And every rolling sphere,
Nature's music is full and grave,
Inspiring filial fear;
Yet bring the Harp, let mortals hear,
Let woman touch the chord,

'Twill bid the sinner drop a tear,
And turn to seek the Lord.

At midnight 'neath a cloudless sky,
Oh! touch the trembling string,
And load—with echos whispering by,—
The zephyr's silken wing.
A thousand joys shall quickly spring,
From memory's sacred shrine,
And hope on high her pinions fling,
To fly at bliss divine.

Oh bring the Harp, surround the hearth,
With sounds of sacred glee;
In truth the dearest ties of earth,
Are wreathed in melody.—
What! oh what can music be,
In such a world as this,—
Compared with the glad symphony,
That fills the realms of bliss?

Then bring the Harp when I'm to die,
And play as Angels play,
Sing o'er my grave—look up on high—
And wait the happy day.

For when we pass from earth away,
To that blest Home above,
We'll join the loud Eternal lay,
And sing Redeeming Love.



THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

JANUARY 1ST, 1845.

Hail! Patrons, hail! nor deem it queer
The 'Carrier' comes with brief 'Address,'
To crown with song the new-born year,
And wish you all much happiness;
Who long hath mutely borne you News
Would now fain wake the slumbering Muse.

The years' first morn is the 'Carrier's' lift
As it rolls from Time's broad wing;

Hope grasps I trow the NEW YEAR'S GIFT
That shall hallow the song I sing.
Oh! this Annual Jubilee forsooth—
Rekindles the long-spent embers of youth,

There's a rage in these days,—I know it,—
For something exceedingly fine;
And I fear the wreath of the Poet
Can never, no never, be mine.
I can think, sing, reason and feel,
But ne'er was inflated to mount the ideal.

I cannot assume an ascension,
And pretend to converse with the stars;
Nor rack my brain for invention,
To beautify Fiction and wars:
Yet, mark me, the Carrier's song of the year
Will tender the heart, may tickle the ear.

Well, Time glides on with noiseless grace,
Swift as the moment he first begun;
Away in the wide-spread fields of space,
The Planets are circling the Sun;
Lo! modern 'Trumpets' are false in sound,
For still the Earth goes gleefully round.

And the infant year, like the fabled bird,
Loomed up from the one just flown,
Mournfully the mists of midnight stirred
At the expiring year's last moan;
Alas! it has borne to the Judgment scene,
Full many a mis-spent hour I ween.

But list! to the deep-toned bell,
As it summons the marshalling throng;
Now shall the temple of Zion swell
With the worshippers solemn song;
At the Altar in humble devotion they bow,
To render the Lord their covenant vow.

'Tis a muffled voice from the tomb,
That speaks to mortals to day:—
And who so dead to his future doom,
As to laugh it unheeded away?
The visions of youth are fading fast,
And man starts up at the knell of the past.

It envenoms the tortures that slept
In the bosom of passion's slave:
He trembles to weep, and be wept,
And at last to lie down in the grave:

In bondage to death in tribute to fear,
And mocked by the smile that covets a tear.

But happy the man whose hearth
Is blest with the Altar of prayer:
Whose heart, unstung by the ills of earth,
Ever glows with brotherly care;
Who prays for the peace of Church and State,
And carefully files the 'Advocate.'

Success to the art that first unfurl'd,
And shed the rays of truth abroad:
That bowed to the wants of the heathen world,
And gave them the word of God!
Success we sing to the Christian Press,
Which planted the rose in the wilderness.

That tells us now of the weary land,
Where rivers of love and mercy roll;
Of the men that on their borders stand,
And cry to the thirsty soul,—
No more for nought your labour give,
Come to the waters, drink and live.

The Pagan matron turns from the tide,
Nor hurls her prattling infant in;

The youth hies down to Gange's side
To weep alone o'er his former sin;
For there the bones of his parents lay,
Turned out long since to beasts of prey.

It tells of the victories of the Cross,
Far away in the wave-bound west,
Of Emmanuel's gain and Satan's loss,
On the islands that dot old Ocean's breast; —
Of Ethiop's hands stretched out afar,
To grasp the beams of Bethlehem's Star.

At home, on our own native coast,
The builders are striving for life;
The Watchmen stand firm at their post,
Unawed by the thunders of strife;
In vain is the trump of Sanballet blown,
The Temple goes up, we cannot come down.

Proportion, I beleive, is the rule,
By which we may work with precision,
And leave to the wise ones at school,
To squint as they like at 'Division.'
Let units in unity ever appear,
And multiplied means prove addition each year.

We have told you of brethren you know,
  Who labour to strengthen the College,
Who are running at large to and fro,
  To deepen the channels of knowledge.
Success to their efforts amid turmoil;
Peace to the Patrons who honour their toil.

We've culled by the rays of the morning,
  Fresh flowers for the nuptial band;
And hung out the midnight warning,
  When Pestilence threatened the land; [free,
Spread the signals of Science o'er the home of the
And garnered some relics from over the sea.

We have brought you some gems of thought,
  Music and Poetry, Customs and Laws;
History too, with interest fraught,
  And the march of the cold water cause;
Sketches and scraps for the heralds of truth,
And many good things we columned for youth.

But the year, dropped off in the night;
  Gone forever like the passing cloud;
Yet many a noble form in its flight
  Was wrapt in the snow-white shroud,

The winds of winter are sighing by
The spot where the watchers of last year lie.

And truly we gleaned from death
To confirm the faith of the faint,
When victory hallowed the breath,
The last glad breath of the saint.
We echoed the bliss of dieing in peace,
Mourning in hope over Heaven's increase.

All this we have done; and indeed
Might speak of the Editor's troubles,
Could perhaps quite pleasantly plead
The Carrier's need of the *Bubbles*;—
In the shape of HALF DOLLARS—you see
They would mightily help an OLD MAN * like me.

I wish you all a happy New-Year,
Replete with religious enjoyment;
Weekly to bear my friends good cheer
Shall be my delightful employment.
FAREWELL! I shall sing from door to door;
What boots it if Patrons are kind to the poor.

* The Carrier was an old grey haired man.

Oh! thou GREAT BENEFACTOR of Earth
  Crown this year with the chaplet of peace;
May thy praises encircle each hearth,
  And godliness greatly increase.
Let thy Truth unobstructed roll on
Till thy will shall on earth as in Heaven be done.



ILLUSIONS OF HOPE.

Hope watched by my side in the bland morn of
youth,
And smilingly quelled my heart's wild commotion;
With pinions begem'd with the dew-drops of truth,
She wafted me far o'er time's turbid Ocean.
We bounded away like the swift-winged light,
O'er pleasures and wealth promiscuously blended,
Till wearied at length with our rapturous flight,
In Hope's native vale we gently descended.

How bright was the spot, not a leaflet was sear,
No poisonous thorns on flowrets reclining;
A streamlet was there, and a fountain so clear,
I read in its depths the young heart's enshrining.
Enchanted! I gazed on the Eden-like place:
Hope proffered me all—and folded her pinions—
The bliss of that hour not old Time can efface;
I felt myself King of Hope's bright dominions.

She crowned me, I ween, with the garland she
wove
Of embryo blossoms their beauties revealing;

Blossoms of gladness, beauty, friendship and love,
Sprigs of endearment and buds of pure feeling :
How clear was the sky in beauty spread o'er me,
No clouds intercepted the sun-light outbeaming:
How brigh twas my path, how brilliant before me,
Nor anguish nor pain then darkened my dreaming.

SONNET.

How rich in prospective is our heavenly home,
Where beauty is fadeless, and where grief cannot come :
Where spirits enraptured, unawed by to-morrow,
Encircle Love's fountain unsullied by sorrow :
Where Anthems of gladness ever girdle the blest,
Where the hungry may feast and the weary may rest,
Nor sighing nor sorrow, neither darkness nor pain,
Nor affliction nor death shall we suffer again.
And the spirits we loved in this dungeon below
Shall dwell with us ever in that home where we go.

And shall sing with us, too, when we join the
bright choir—
Shall swell the loud anthem, still deeper and higher,
And shall turn with us, too, on the *Saviour* to gaze,
Who died to redeem us, and who taught us to praise.

TIME HASTETH AWAY.

From Eternity stricken—Time cannot delay,
The date of mortality hasteth away;
He hasteth away by the morn's early light,
And shakes from his mantle the dew-drops of night;
Where sleep the moon-beams he noiselessly
glides,
High over the tempest still onward he rides,
Still onward he dashes, careering in glee,
On his star-paved path o'er the land and the sea.
With glittering pinion—unnoted—unnseen,
He sweeps from our vision whatever hath been:
From his viewless car—death's arrows are sped,—
And creation conforms to his conquering tread.

He hasteth away with astonishing speed,
Nor rests, nor dismounts from his tireless steed;
On the bosom of morn, on the turban of night
Still moment by moment he enters his flight,
He hastes unheeded by the dwellers on earth,
Till roused by the shadows that darken their mirth,
They look for those moments too blissful to last,
And look but to find them far, far in the past:
We stop not to note in the spring-hour of life
The foot-prints of Time o'er ambition and strife,
We stop not to number the sands in the glass,
Nor heed the winged Seasons as onward they pass;
Till driven at last with tears to lament,
The bright hours of youth so thoughtlessly spent.

He hasteth away like a bird on the wing
Through seed-time and harvest, winter and spring,
Alternately marking with beauty and gloom,
Man's pathway from infancy down to the tomb:
He sleeps not with childhood in roseate bowers,
Onward he dashes to manhood's dark hours;
From manhood to age still onward careers,
Unbribed by love's laughter or sorrow's hot tears.

He bides not for mortals in hope or despair,
Though Planets stand still for Joshua's prayer;
Though sunlight rolls back on the truth-telling plate,
To convince Judah's King that God ruled his fate:
Still onward goes Time like a bird on the wing,
Through seed-time and harvest, winter and spring.

He hasteth away with a Monarch's firm stride,
And smiles as he grapples with earth-born pride;
For he bears a bright weapon of matchless power,
And the labour of ages o'erthrows in an hour.
His tablets are teeming with notes all his own,
Of events and actions to mortals unknown;
Of Hamlets and Cities long crumbled to dust,
And worm-eaten warriors encircled with rust.
The millions engulphed in the lava's dread path,
As it burst o'er the plain like an ocean of wrath:
Millions interred mid the earthquake's commotion,
Millions that sleep in the caves of old Ocean,
All that e'er perished unnumbered, unknown,
Were recorded by Time as he swept on alone.

He hasteth away from the hour of his birth,
And rolls, as he runs, in her orbit, the earth;

Changes with moments ever drop from his wings,
He marks with mutation all terrestrial things:
Shakes from their tendrils the bright spring-flowers,
Feeds the North-wind with the green-leafed bowers,
Chills life's ebbing stream that leaped through our veins,
Fills the mind with aversion, the body with pains;
The index of intellect furrows with care,
And strangles vain beauty with a single gray hair:
He breathes on her cheek displacing its bloom,
Her sight fails apace and she drops in the tomb.

He hasteth away—his work to perform,
Through weal and through woe, sunlight and storm;
Ever trimming the stars in Cynthia's bright zone,
And hurling his Comets through realms unknown.
On the snow-capt mountain his signet is left;
His name is engraved in the granites deep cleft;
Now onward he glides on tip-toe tread,
Commingling his mists o'er the crumbling dead.
Anon, he speeds through the noisy world,
On his tireless steed with banner unfurled;

He speeds for his victims and fearlessly flings
His grapnel alike over Captives and Kings:
He ploughs with the whirlwind, sows in the waves,
And garners the harvest in his deep coral caves.

He hasteth away to the end of his race,
As a witness to stand in the Judgment-place;
To spread out his tablets, his records to show,
To number the moments men murdered below;
Yea, Time will attest for the meek and the proud,
And weave with past actions, a crown, or a shroud;
What midnight obscured, reveal to the King,
Unrol from his mantle each earth-hidden thing;
Drag forth from their dungeon, from death and
the grave,
What mortals consigned to oblivion's wave;
Holding up each thought that hath been or shall be
In the soul-searching light of Eternity.

He hasteth away—wafting death in his train,
The lover of pleasure—the victim of pain;—
To the grave—to Judgment—he is rolling us on:
Human life's but a dream how soon it is gone!
Yet, dream not ye vain ones, ye giddy and gay,

That Time will conceal the sins of one day;
Nor hope by commingling with death's stifled groan
One penitent sigh—for the past to atone.
Oh! that my moments might henceforth, be spent,
In storing up knowledge; in peace and content;
Aid me my Father! to show forth thy praise;
And timely, and wisely, to number my days,
To improve to the utmost life's fleeting span;
To glorify God and to benefit man:
That when from the "Trump" the sentence shall pour.
"Time was"—is now—but "shall be no more,"
I may stand in the "Judgment," exult o'er each line
Of the Truth, as it rolls from the records of time.



I WOULD NOT FORGET.

The pleasures I knew ere my pathway beclouding;
The darkness of error commingled with truth,
Shines oft through the mist-wreaths my spirit enshrouding,
As brightly they shone o'er my pathway in youth.
Ah! yes, even now, though so far from the wild-wood,
Where all the day long till the summer-sun set,
I roamed with my playmates, the loved ones of childhood,
A light-hearted band which I would not forget.

I remember the swing, so neatly suspended,
From the old oak tree on the brow of the hill,
Where often glad echoes from light hearts were blended,
And lips warbled love, now unconscious and still.

I hail those blest scenes, like starlets outbeaming,
Like pictures seen dimly through tears of regret;
The bliss that was cloudless in life's early
dreaming;
Whatever betides me, I would not forget.

And the old log school-house, its quaint situation,
Environed by woods in the sequestered dell;
Where often we dreaded the dull recitation,
And sighed as we trip't to the class-calling bell;
Where each New-Year's morning we read a new
chapter—
To "bar out the Master" in concert we met:
Should sorrow still goad me or gladness enrapture,
That old wooden school-house I would not forget.

The fond aspirations and visions once cherished,
And hope's pleasing pictures have vanished away;
And my fancy-built castles have likewise all
perished,
Or exist but to mock me in lifes rugged way:—
Still, 'mid the darknessone bright spot delighted,
My sore-stricken spirit with anguish beset—
'Tis the spot where in youth my fond heart was
plighted,
And the bliss of that hour I would not forget.

And still dear to my heart, though long since
departed,
Must she be who taught me to pray for my foes;
The blest guides of my youth, the frank, open-
hearted,
Embalmed in remembrance shall soften earth's
woes.
I have stood—as the Sun to his couch was
reclining—
In tears by their tombs, when a bright amulet
Encircled my bosom and hushed my repining,
Inspiring faint hopes which I would not forget.

I remember e'en now, when my heart beat lightly,
When caressed, encouraged I sought not to sigh;
When looks of endearment still fell on me brightly,
And my wishes were read by love's searching eye.
Once my pathway was bright, unsullied by
sadness,
My young cheek with sorrow had never been wet;
Those thrice-precious moments of unfeigned
gladness,
Though cherished in anguish, I would not forget.

Now homeless I wander, my sorrow concealing,
Beneath a gay garb that enhances my pain:

Oh! then envy me not the faint light revealing,
The joys I have tasted, but may not again.
O'er the wrecks of ambition—friendships long broken—
My hearts fractured echo's are hovering yet;
But I turn from them all to the promise outspoken:
God's "rest" for the "weary," I would not forget.

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL.

When our mothers were young, their mansions were garnished,
With the festoons of art from the flock and the soil,
And they counted with pleasure, and titles untarnished,
The hanks that hung round them, the fruit of their toil.
Oh! those were good days when our disenthralled Nation
Rolled the chorus of freedom with the click of the Reel;
When home-spun enveloped each rank, class and station,
And Statesmen were rocked to the hum of the Wheel,

No wild speculations, or threatened suspension,
Disturbed for a moment our forefather's slumber,
Till the apeing of fashion, and wand of invention,
Had labelled the wheel as old obsolete lumber:
Its buzzing was hushed and the distaff supplanted
With timbrel, and viol, and music genteel;
But sorely we proved it, and wisely recanted,
And welcomed with gladness the Old spinning
Wheel.

Its hum is familiar, inspiring, soul-cheering;
It rolls from remembrance the slumber of years,
And wakes in each echo the scenes most endearing,
Of homes independent and hope without fears.
None the less do I love the flute's tones, or guitar,
Or treat with indifference the choristers' zeal;
But richer, and sweeter, and dearer by far,
Are the home-telling tones of the Old spinning
Wheel.

Home-telling, Ah Yes! each sister and brother
Are marshalled again on the former play-ground;
The plain-bordered cap and the songs of a Mother
Are inseparably blent with the dear soothing
sound:

The hearthstone we circled, our band yet unbroken
With school-books, and nuts, and apples to peel—
The old-fashioned garments, the dear Christmas-token;
Oh! I think of them all when I hear the Old Wheel.

I have heard the clear voice of the gifted Brunette,
With the Harp's thrilling sounds in sweet unison fall,
And caught the bright glance of the blue-eyed Coquette,
As she waltzed and quadrilled in the tapestried hall;
But never was woman more gracefully winning,
Or caused us more deeply her merits to feel,
Than when for an Orphan good-natur'dly spinning,
And chiming a hymn to the hum of the Wheel.

I knew a fair being that ne'er hopped to the fiddle,
Nor rest the worn keys to the sycophant's sigh,
Yet Queens might have envied her foot on the treadle,
The bloom on her cheek, and the smile in her eye.
With tresses untrammelled and clad independent,
She sighed not for grandeur nor strove to conceal;

The checked-apron that marked her a worthy
descendant,
Of a Matron that taught her the use of the Wheel.

How dear is the Wheel, the old time-honoured
treasure,
Protects from the tempest, and gladdens the heart,
Preserves from temptation, gives profit and plea-
sure, [art.
And crowns a free people with the triumphs of
Let Americans cherish and yield it protection,
And soon shall our overflowed coffers reveal,
Whence happiness springs, and what's the con-
nection [Wheel.
'Tween a Nation's welfare and the Old Spinning

Let the ermine-clad Peer, still his boasted position
Unenvied enjoy, and his broad-cloth consume,
We've boundless resources and the blest acquisi-
tion,
Of twirling the distaff and treading the loom.
Our Stars shall be bright, our banners float light,
O'er the hank-telling Reel, and spindles of steel,
On the ramparts of freedom—our cherished birth-
right— [Wheel.
We will stamp for our motto: The Old Spinning



WINTER MUSINGS.

Hark ! the cold North wind is sweeping,
Driving o'er the meagre plain ;
Snow-flakes cold and thin are leaping,
Quite like foam-streaks on the main.
The trees are creaking, quivering,
Mute chroniclers of ages past ;
The flocks are lowing, shivering,
Cowering from the piercing blast ;
The storm is out, hoarse winds amain,
Loudly herald Winter's reign.

Lo ! he comes, hail-clad and flinging
Cheerless gloom around, above ;

Not a floweret now is springing;
Not a song-bird in the grove:
Not a mountain brook is purling,
Not an insect sings his song;
For the cold North wind is whirling
Winter's chilling troops along:
Frost-wreaths shroud the starlets now,
And earth redeems her mourning vow.

See! the timid hare is bounding,
Fleetly to her burrowed den;
Hark! the pheasant's whirr is sounding;
In the far-off covert glen:
Now the Doe, her fawn concealing,
Paws the drifting snow for food:
Reynard through the storm is stealing,
Homeward-bound to guard his brood:
By reason taught, or instinct led,
There's something still for each to dread.

While the storm beats,
Hard, and it sleets:
Firm nerves to face it demanding—
Some venture out,

Now, on a scout
Of enjoyment notwithstanding;
Venture, perhaps countermanding
Parental care,
Or, gentle prayer
That crowns the wife's reprimanding

The hunter's out in cap and sack,
On his steed of noble form;
The cry of his unkennelled pack
Is blent with the roaring storm:
See! where from out the tangled copse
Comes the Red-bird's shrill whet-t-o-o-h—
The Juvenile his snare-line drops
In hopes of a barbacue;
What varied scenes are here below,
Where winter flings his frost and snow.

List! echoing from the mountain side,
The ring of the skater's heel,
O'er the Lake's bright bosom they glide
Away on the flashing steel:
Swiftly they dart through frost and snow,
Like an eagle its home to find,

A whirl—a dash—and off they go—
  Outstripping the noisy wind:
To drive them from the icy plain,
The storm comes down to-day in vain.

They are out on the highway, too,
  All that have horses and sleigh—
They are driving the snow-flakes through
  Like swans in the glittering spray;
Wrapped in their robes intent on mirth,
  In vain old Boreas swells;
They love the storm, and snow-clad earth—
  The tones of the jingling bells—
Forms are there of delicate cast,
Dashing away through the keen-cold blast.

While the storm roars,
Loud, without doors;
Within, mark the variety,
Of feelings, fears,
Hopes, it appears
E'en in strange contrariety;
And without impropriety
Or social sin,

We may peep in
At the in-door society.

High is the fire, and bright the blaze,
On the stalworth farmer's hearth;
The old watch-dog by his master lays;
The kitten is full of mirth:
With book in hand the farmer sits,
As the storm roars loud and high,
The good wife knits, and rocks and knits,
And gently hums her "lullaby:"
I love to tread the farmers's rug,
Where all things look so nice and snug.

The wealthy Cit, with careful eye,
Looks to his culinary stores—
Smiles as he views the rich supply,
And covers the cellar doors.
In flannel wrapt, by a glowing fire,
The storm may revel afar,
He heeds it not, his cares expire,
'Mid the fumes of a *good cigar*:
The winds can't pierce his plastered walls,
Nor frost-imps gambol in his halls.

Alas! how many are less secure,
When the pitiless winds descend;
Alas! for the man that's old and poor,
Husband, and Father, and Friend:
Who repines o'er the chinks misplaced,
In his cabin of antique form,
And labours with paper and paste,
To baffle the pelting storm;
Ah! his wife and children are there,
With little to eat and less to wear.

While the snow falls
Fast, and fierce squalls
Of wind keenly penetrating,
Whirling, uplifts
High, the cold drifts,
Palace and Cot inundating;
Let the rich, God imitating,
Assist the poor,
Now, and secure
The prize affixed, God's approbating.

He, who marks the sparrow falling,
Would instruct us by his plan,

Ever through Creation calling:
MAN console thy *fellow-man*!
God in mercy hath suspended
Mortals' highest bliss below,
On those acts by us intended,
To heal a fall'n Brother's wo.
Teach me, O Lord, the happy art
To mollify the stricken heart.

Oh! ye rich, on down reclining,
Fortune's heirs, fur-clad and warm,
Think of those o'er want repining,
Exposed to the ruthless storm:
Sick and lonely many languish,
Pictures once of rosy health;
Many hearts are wrung with anguish,
Favored once with rank and wealth;
The Orphan's sigh, the Widow's groan,
Are mingling with the tempest's moan.

Wealth may prove a two-fold blessing,
If bestowed in truth and love;
Smooth for him this world possessing,
The path to brighter worlds above.

Oh! then, when round your dwelling,
Winter rages, tempests roar—
Go, your hearts with goodness swelling,
Lay your gifts at misery's door.
What boots the storm, if extremes blend,
And wealth *from want* the poor defend?

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship—what is it? an empty profession,
That drops from the lips in the language of art?
Oh! no—it is artless, and seeks for expression,
In actions that leap from the depths of the heart.
Sacred communion, of spirits congenial,
Trusting and changeless, elevated and pure,
Bright emblem of Eden, it blossoms perennial,
Through sun light and storm still its beauties endure;
This—this is true friendship, the heart's secret treasure,
The richest, and dearest terrestrial pleasure.

How dear to the heart, its anguish concealing,
Is a look, or a token intended to cheer;
When fondly approached, there's bliss in revealing
Our sorrows to one that can proffer a tear;—
To weep o'er the dead—by the living neglected,
Bereft, yet conscious that spirits may blend;
And to find unsought when sad and dejected,
One heart that can pity and love as a friend;
This—this is true friendship—if fostered in sorrow,
Will bide undiminished the joys of to-morrow.

To cherish the bond of our union unbroken,
Untarnished by passion, suspicion, or guile;—
To fathom each wish through language unspoken,
To part with a tear and to meet with a smile:
To reprove, commend, with sinless affection;
And often commingle our spirits in prayer;
When sick, give attention, in danger protection,
And each with the other life's scenery share;
This—this is true friendship—a garland unriven;
That buds here below, but to blossom in Heaven.



A HOME BY THE RIVER.

Let others boast
The wave-worn coast,
And loudly sing old Ocean's praise;
When lightnings red,

Through darkness sped,
Flash wildly out in blinding blaze;
When tempest-wrought,
With fury fraught,
She madly flings her white-caps high,
And whirldwinds rave,
From wave to wave,
Commingling Ocean and sky:
But Oh! give me a quiet home,
Where furious tempests never come,
Where starlets sleep and moonbeams rest
Mirrored upon the River's breast,—
The River's brink by the Elm-tree,
Is where I would my HOME should be.

Let others roam
Through dashing foam,
And peril life for paltry gold;
Or brave the blast,
With trembling mast,
To merit names by *Fame* enrolled:
For me I ween,
The rural scene,
Spread out along the river's verge,

Hath charms more dear,
Less tinged with fear,
Than threatening reef or rolling surge.
Oh ! for a Home, a peaceful home,
Where Ocean's roar may never come ;
Where I might watch the mountain stream,
Dancing along in the morning beam—
Just where it meets the River in glee,
There I would, that my *Home* should be.

Let others crave
A *Home* on the wave,
And rock in their hammock to sleep ;
Give me a *Cot*,
In a quiet spot,
Where feathered choirs their concerts keep,
By the River—
Warbling ever
Its song to the winds that pass ;
Where speckled trout,
Come boldly out,
From their bed in the tangled grass.
Give me a *Home* by the *Rivers* bend,
Where nature's beauties sweetly blend:

Where I would gladly spend my days
In wisdom's peaceful, pleasant ways.
—When I pass to Eternity,
There I would that my grave should be

Let others court,
Earth's sinful sport,
And madly tempt death's chilling wave:
I ask but this,
The quiet bliss,
That gently smooth's a hopeful grave;
Oh! who could smile,
Life's little while,
Or proudly scorn the Christian's path,
Pursue the stream,
In wakeless dream,
That leads to an Ocean of wrath.
Oh! for a *Home* a blissful *Home*,
Where sin or pain may never Come.
Where God, unveiled, dwells with his own,—
Where crystal streams burst from the Throne
And Angels drink, 'neath Life's fair Tree;
I fondly hope my *Home* will be.

LIFE'S MORNING HOURS.

Swiftly the hours of childish glee,
On gilded pinions fly,
Like gentle zephyrs o'er the sea,
Or meteors through the sky.
How soon forsooth
The dreams of youth
Fly past with raptures rife;
How soon we drop
The Hoop, and Top,
To breast the ills of life.

Blest hours of hope and joyous light!
The dearest we have known!
We heeded not your rapid flight,
Nor wist you thus had flown
Until the rays
Of by-gone days,
O'er many a wave of woe
Endearing shone,
Like signals on
The warrior's battle-bow.

Oft now in loneliness we bend,
O'er memory's sacred shrine,
To breathe a sigh for an early friend,
To think of "Auld lang syne."
There's something dear
In childhood's tear,
In boyhood's laugh and song:
A gladsome thrill,
That vibrates still,
Life's waning pulse along.

In those hours of cloudless bliss;
Of friendship rich and pure:
We felt one sacred tie was this,
To trust and feel secure.
The doubts and fears
Of riper years,
Were not yet round us thrown;
With spirits blent,
Those hours we spent,
In truth to doubts unknown.

Since that, full many a sun hath set
On our green native glen:

But, Ah! we never can forget
The souls we cherished then.
Each rocky nook,
And babbling brook,
And woodland where we strayed;
With meaning fraught,
Are linked in thought,
With those with whom we played.

Though some are dead, through many a change,
Fond recollection cheers;
Nor death, nor distance can estrange
The playmates of those years.
In dreams replete
With bliss, we meet,
As erst in childhood's bowers;
Love's cup we quaff,
And sing, and laugh,
As in life's morning hours.

Though now in vast Eternity
Those hours returnless lie—
Stamped with immortality,
Their impress cannot die.

The wreath that binds
Congenial minds,
Will bind beyond the tomb:
An evergreen
It is I ween,
That must forever bloom.

Soon we shall be what we deplore,
Poor coffined lumps of clay;
Our spirits soon, from Jordan's shore,
May gladly bound away,
From sin and pain,
To glory's plain,
To Love's unsullied bowers
And there renew
The friendship's too
That cheered life's morning hours.





TO A FRIEND.

Vritten immediately after returning from the burial of her beautiful and interesting little son, who was removed suddenly from the ills of earth by an unexpected casualty.]

He's gone—thy tender blossom,
Transplanted yet unblown ;—
We laid him in earth's bosom,
In his little bed alone.
Unconscious who is weeping,
Or who for him hath wept,
His gentle form is sleeping,
Where once the Saviour's slept ;
In the grave.

True, no adieu was spoken,
To soften memory's power ;

The sun-lit spell was broken,
In life's most beauteous hour;
Thou didst not see him languish,
Droop day by day to dust;
Yet, Weep not tears of anguish,
But in thy Saviour trust
By his grave.

The hand that rolled creation,
From dark chaotic gloom;
Oft leads through tribulation,
His children to the tomb;
And oft from our protection
He takes the one we love;
That our supreme affection
May rest on things above;
O'er the grave.

Then cherish not thy sorrow,
Nor wed thee to his tomb;
For thou mays't rise to-morrow—
O'er sorrows deepest gloom.
If one fond tie that bound thee,
Was prematurely riven,

While others still cling round thee,
Thou hast one tie—in Heaven—
Beyond the grave.

Look up, in heavenly lustre—
James rests secure from strife;
Where glittering Seraphs cluster
Around the tree of life—
His song with Angels' blended,
Extends Redemption's story;
And when thy days are ended,
He'll welcome thee to glory;
From the grave.

CHANGING NATURE.

Earth's vernal scenes have quickly flown,
And summer's sheen is also gone;
And yet it seems but yesterday,
That nature's choicest drapery lay
Oe'r field and wood,
In gladsome mood,
And zephyrs fanned our cares away.

Nature came out in green arrayed,
In the scented glen her toilette made;
She bound her brow with morning's beam
Her mirror was the mountain stream:
Her step was light;
Her visage bright,
Calm her breast as an infant's dream.

Sweet was her hymn of grateful praise,
From purling rills, and warbled lays;
A beauteous blush her cheek o'erspread,
As Sol threw back from his Ocean-bed,
A look of love—
O'er glade and grove—
And decked the hills in gold and red.

'Twas Spring, the Moon in shining car
Came forth to greet the Evening-star;
The birds retired at twilight's close,
The dew-drop neetled on the rose,
And all else slept,
While Starlets kept,
Their watch o'er Natures sweet repose.

Nor lost she ought in loveniness,
When next she came in Summer dress,

To spread around, o'er hill and plain,
Her annual gift the farmer's gain;
The reaper's shout,
Rang merrily out,
Rang as he griped the golden grain.

Nature has cast her robe away—
The robe she wore on last May-day;
A sombre suit she wears in stead—
Tear-drops stand where blushes spread,
As now she weaves,
Her withering leaves,
In mystic wreaths above the dead.

No bridal scarf adorns her brow;
Her hymn is changed to requiems now:
November's blast, November's hours
Marred her beauty, strip't her flowers;
Dark is the sky,
And Nature's sigh
Is breathed aloud in leafless bowers.

Nature changes—Alas! how soon,
As eve treads on the heels of noon;

Changes from beauty to bleak decay,
As darkness shrouds the brightest day.
She still assumes
Her own costumes,
For the drama she has to play.

The gifted, the gay, and the brave,
The beauteous, too, must think of the grave;
Think of it, yes, each falling leaf,
Sighs as it drop's "*humanity's brief*:"
Life's but a dream,
A transient gleam,
A mingled cup of joy and grief.

From Nature learn, Oh! thoughtless man,
ETERNITY hangs on a narrow *span*:
Oh! haste that fleeting span improve,
'Twill bear thee up to bowers above,
Where blossoms ne'er fade,
Nor storms invade,
To ruffle the fountain of Love.

IMPROMPTU.

[Written in a Friend's Album, under an engraving which represented a boat floating on a smooth surface of water, in which sat a Lady alone, with one hand resting on the strings of a Harp.]

Adown the deepening stream of life,
How swiftly we are gliding;
The hope of rest, the fear of strife,
Our precious time dividing:
The bliss that but with childhood blends,
The spot from whence we started,
Are linked in memory with the friends
From whom, long since, we parted.

The hours have passed with rapid flight,
In which we sailed together:
Sometimes beneath unclouded light,
And oft through stormy weather;
Alas! the winds that round us play,
Portend a storm of sorrow;

It seems as though we met to-day,
And yet we part to-morrow.

Heaven bless thee! Fare-thee-well;
I wish thee peace and pleasure—
Guide well thy bark o'er every swell,
It bears a priceless treasure.
Strike the Harp with holy glee,
In every hour of danger;
And sometimes breathe a wish for me,
A poor wayfaring stranger.

The voyage of life will soon be o'er,
And cares no more oppress us;
Friends are wating on the shore,
To welcome and caress us.
What though we stem afflictions here,
By adverse winds are driven:
We're gliding on through tempests drear,
To a stormless Home in Heaven.

A FRAGMENT.

Earth's sunlight's waning day by day,
Her brightest pictures soon decay;
Her richest music dies away,
And living mortals soon must lay
Low with the sheeted dead.

Nor beauty, virtue, nought can save
From Jordan's swelling, dark, cold wave;
The noble, gifted, good and brave,
Must render nature what she gave,
Must fill their dreamless bed.

As blasted flowers spring again,
As vernal herbage decks the plain,
Shall Christians, rising, break death's chain,
In heaven, deathless, ever reign,
Where tears are never shed!



THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

JANUARY 1ST, 1846.

AURORA is out in her chariot of light—
Her Coursers are chasing the spectres of night,
As swiftly she glides over valley and height—
With beauty and brightness adorning;
Her brilliancy flashes beneath and on high,
Outshining the beauteous gems of the sky;
And she flings to the world while hastening by—
The beams of a New-Year's morning.

And now the notes of the "Carrier's" horn,
On the bleak North-western winds are borne;

He comes, good Patrons, to gladden the morn—
With a wish, a song, and a greeting;
You ken what he means by this little parade,
For long have his visits been silently paid—
And still on your tables the "Advocate" laid,
Though cloudy, or shining, or sleeting.

Permit me to wish you not only good cheer;
Happiness, health, and a blissful New-Year,
But hearts that can melt at a smile or a tear—
And hands that can succor the needy;
Peace which only the virtuous can know;
The pleasures of friendship, the purest below,
Religion—Contentment—exemption from woe,
Such as cankers the souls of the greedy.

I know that my song should present, though uncouth,
Each point in its place, well tetherd by truth,
To comfort the aged, admonish the youth,
And brighten the eye of the Printer;
Were it but Spring-time, I would levy on flowers,

And sing of the birds, and beauteous bowers,
The dew-drops of morn, and evening's soft showers,
But ah! 'tis the middle of Winter.

The Coachman is wrapped in Cap and fur cloak;
Thick snow-clouds have curtained the "City of Smoke,"
There seemeth not much for the Muse to invoke,
To aid in this tribute of feeling;
Yet winter hath charms though Boreas may storm;
We heed not his voice by the fire snug and warm,
But hail the New-Year with due pomp and form;
List! the bells are merrily pealing.

They are pealing but alas! by experience taught,
We know that our Planet with sorrow is fraught;
The Year just flown affords subjects for thought,
And multiplied causes for weeping;
How many that hailed, with happiness crowned,
The beginning of Sols last, annual round,
Now deep, deep in the snow-covered ground,
Are quietly, dreamlessly sleeping.

What changes Time makes as onward he speeds;
The heart that was hopeful in wretchedness bleeds;

The Bride of last year in dark flowing weeds,
In loneliness prays for protection;
The Mother that chirped to her cherub so sweet,
Now turns from its tomb, but in spirit to meet,
And the Husband hath wrapped in the winding sheet
The hopes of his young heart's affection.

What changes in fortune in coffers of wealth,
In families, characters, customs and health,
Effected by violence, cunning and stealth—
Since last I addressed you in verse;
Mutations have periled the Son and the Sire;
Disappointments have crossed us by *Flood* and by *Fire*;
Few perhaps have attained their last year's desire,
And some retrograded from better to worse.

Yes; some who were rich, who stooped not to borrow,
Have numbered their friends with ill-concealed sorrow,
And wrote for their motto "boast not of to-morrow"—
For we know not with what to compare it,

Alas! very many who in their infancy slept—
On down, and in silk, nicely aired and well kept,
Have since often tearfully, noiselessly crept—
To their pallet of straw in the garret.

Thus far is my song with sorrow allied—
Yet still, my good friends, it hath a bright side,
For the sunlight of Science hath spread far and wide.
And wonders are uncommonly common;
Public opinion hath hissed the duellists scars;
Dragged old superstition from her home in the stars;
Concealed with her mantle the "rumours of wars,"
And strengthened the influence of woman.

Children have puzzled the learned of the day;
And idiots computed vast numbers they say;
Mathematics are used as a mere kind of play,
And arithmetic learned in a minute,
The Alphabet's reckoned as obsolete trash—
Since letters are written with hook, crook and dash,
Phonographers are cutting a wonderful splash—
Even Lawyers declare there *is* somthing in it.

Amidst wonders and changes the Bible abides;
On the wings of the tempest JEHOVAH still rides;

Day and night and the Seasons declare *He* presides
O'er the land and the deep-rolling Ocean.
The glad song of salvation is wafted afar—
The Lamb is triumphant; o'er all that make war,
Still glitter the beams of the bright Morning Star,
Unchanged by the world's sad commotion.

Though afflictions may fall, each day bring its care,
Let us hope for the best, for the worst still prepare;
There's a refuge for all round the Altar of prayer,
Where multiplied millions are bending;
Here all may be girt for the dark hour of need;
The homeless and poor on rich banquets may feed
Here the heart-stricken feel as they fervently plead,
A balm for each sorrow descending.

The last change will come to the dwellers on earth,
The lovers of pleasure be snatched from their mirth;
The children of Light shall rejoice in their birth—
All, all with the dead shall be numbered;
Soon the righteous to mansions of glory shall rise,
The mother commune with her child in the skies;

All tears shall be wiped from the sorrowing eyes,
The widow of her weeds disencumbered.

Oh! then let us hasten our voices to raise,
In hymns of thanksgiving, in unfeigned praise,
For the unnumbered mercies of by-gone days,
For the future no dread entertain;
Let the Heralds of Truth with banners unfurled,
In heaven's own panoply march o'er the world,
Nor yield till the foe from his high places hurled,
Shall acknowledge Emmanuel's reign.

Having gracefully passed through the "Carriers" part,
I bid you adieu, with your welfare at heart—
Intending still weekly fresh "news" to impart,
Your family circles to bless;
Right nobly you've done for our "Paper" tis true,
Mid sunlight and storm she has weathered it through;
And in a week, it may be, or at farthest in two,
She will visit her friends in a prettier dress.

I am *Old* and *dependent*, you perceive at a glance,
And the world has waked up to pay in advance,

But I have sung for you, Patrons, thus, trusting to
chance,
Or charity, some people call it;
Mankind have a taste for fanciful chimes—
For heart-cheering music and beautiful rhymes;
But the "Carriers" music is made by the *Dimes*—
As they chink in his *Little Old Wallet.*





THE BRIDAL HOUR.

The Bride ! see on her blushing cheek
One timid tear reclining;
The mystic ring and wreath bespeak,
He whom her heart's enshrining;
The bridal hour
Is heaven's dower,
Where fond endearments cluster
A moral sun
That shines upon,
Man's path with cloudless lustre.

The blissful bridal hour has cast
Eden's incense o'er love's urn—

The hours of dread suspense are past
Never, never to return.
Behold them stand,
Hand locked in hand,
With heart to heart consenting;
By each at once,
The full response,
Is breathed their souls' cementing

'Tis past, the bridal hour has flown,
Love's sacred vow is spoken—
The vow which binds two souls in one,
Binds never to be broken.
No untold woe
Shall either know,
Nor gladness relish single;
Their hopes and fears,
And smiles and tears
Must ever now commingle.

Life's tankard now for either lip,
Is doubly filled with pleasure;
And if from sorrow's cup they sip,
Each drinks but half a measure.

Thought meeting thought,
With rapture fraught.
Bounds in unison complete;
Harmonious still,
Their hearts may thrill,
Even till they cease to beat.

Oh! may the bliss of the bridal hour,
By each be fondly cherished;
E'en when the spell of beauty's power,
And youthful hopes have perished.
May love remain,
And grace sustain,
O'er time's tempestuous sea:—
And purest joy
Without alloy,
Their portion in Eternity.

CANZONET.

Thou art free as the bird that soars—
To bathe in the morning light;
Free as the mountain rose, that pours—
Her sweets on the brow of night.
Unfettered and free
As the breeze at sea,
To glide off in thy sun-lit flight.

Thou art gay as the laughing stream—
That darts from the bending trees,—
As the lamb that leaps from its dream,
To sport in the summer breeze.
Thy spirit knows
No hidden woes,
To mar its dreams of blissful ease.

Thou art fair as the morning flower—
Begem'd with glittering dew;
Fair as the summer sun-set hour
Drest in gorgeous golden hue:

No vain regret,
Hath dim'd as yet
Thy tearless eye of deepest blue.

Though sportive free and beauteous now
Thus it may not ever be:
The cypress wreath may bind thy brow,
Dark cares suppress thy gaiety:
The dreams of Youth
Are doomed forsooth,
To the dark urn of memory.

The bird with the glittering wing;
First attracts the archers eye—
Soon may the brightest rose of Spring
In scattered fragments lie;
And clouds may pall
Ere evening's fall
The purest fairest morning sky.

Infirmities steal on apace,
Life's most joyous hours fly fast;
Age will the fairest form deface,
Cares, Angelic beauty blast,

And death enchain,
With links of pain,
Earths beauteous, sportive ones at last.

But, there's a better, brighter land,
Where beauty shall fadeless bloom;
No clouds are there, nor Cypress-band
But joys unsullied by gloom:
There spirits are free
And ever shall be,
Oh! that Land is beyond the tomb.





NIGHT.

The monarch of day has retired to his bed,
And left the green earth in silence and shade;
The lingering tints of twilight have fled
Though long on the hills like fairy's they played.
The Eagle hath flown to his eyrie on high,
To catch the first glance of the morning light,
Creation hath carolled the sweet lullaby,
And dropt o'er her lords the curtains of night.

'Tis night—the zephyrs are lulling to rest,
That swept at twilight so lightly the plain;
And Cynthia flings from her silvery vest,
A girdle of light o'er the mirrored main;
Gently the glittering dew-drops descend,
From the light fog-wreath so curiously curled,
Stars, countless and bright, their brilliancy blend
As tireless they watch o'er a slumbering world.

The flowerets are out o'er meadow and glade
To drink in the mist that deepens their bloom;
And the towering oak in moonlight arrayed,
Looks like a monarch in regal costume.
It is silent night—and nothing is heard,
To mingle a sound with the murmuring rill,
Save the whizzing wing of the truant bird
Or the mournful notes of the Whip-poor-will.

Tis night—the hum of the City is hushed;
And lonely the streets as the Church-yard seems;
The tradesman retires with brilliant hopes flushed,
To banquet on gain in fancy's gay dreams—
The Monarch rests from the cares of his crown;
And the toil-worn slave from his masters law;

The wealthy man rests on his couch of down,
The indigent on his pallet of straw.

Oh, say what is sleep?—an emblem of death:
And darknes,—a picture of shadows and gloom:
The silence that reigns o'er mountain and heath—
Is a prelude to that which circles the tomb:—
Then rest thou my soul—on Bethlehem's Star,
Unclouded its rays break forth from the Throne—
Through danger and gloom 'twill light thee afar,
To regions of bliss where night is unknown.

GOOD-BY, KATHLEEN.

Good-by Kathleen, no vain regret,
Our parting moments stain ;
No secret wish we n'eer had met
Nor fear to meet again.
I know those precious pearly tears,
Now trembling in thine eye,
Well up, from thoughts of other years,
Embalming our *Good-by*.

I would not, if I could, depart,
Nor drop a tear with thine ;
Those tell-tales of thy trusting heart,
Give thrilling bliss to mine !
Affection's smile has something dear,
And more, affection's sigh ;
But, oh ! give me the sparkling tear,
When heart tells heart—*Good-by*.

I've lived from infancy till now,
While we've been standing here ;

I see my history on thy brow,
I feel it in each tear:
I grasp the past by memory's power,
Its mingled peace and pain,
And for the raptures of this hour,
I'd live it o'er again.

How oft in infancy we paced,
Adown the scented glen;
How oft in after years we traced,
Those favorite spots again.
'Twas there I learned to value thee,
To read thy speaking eye;
To nurse the truthful constancy
Which hallows our *Good-by*.

Good-by, Kathleen, when far away
From childhood's home and thee,
Give thy smiles to the false and gay,
But keep thy tears for me;
Let thy song on the winds be borne,
Mirth with the mirthful share;
But think of me at early morn,
And in each evening prayer.

Good-by, Kathleen, when distant far
  Confide undoubting still,
Thine image is my polar star,
  My pathway is thy will:
Oh! what to me were beauty's smile,
  When thine no more I see;
The charm that faithless hearts beguile
  Must harmless fall on me.

May heaven's richest blessings cheer
  Thy heart from hour to hour;
And guardian Angels bide thee near
  To shield from sorrow's power.
Should other lips affection vow,
  And other bosoms sigh,
Then think of him who bids thee now
  Perhaps the last—*Good-by.*

I ask no pledge from thee, Kathleen,
  Nor ring, nor lock of hair;
Far brighter, dearer seals, I ween,
  Shall memory ever bear.
I ask no higher earthly bliss
  Than such as we have seen;

Thy tears are mine—the parting kiss;
—Again—again—*Good-by Kathleen!*

TO SARAH.

The forest buds are springing,
From winters grasp I trow;
Beauteous flowers are flinging,
Their fragrance round thy brow.
Gentle zephyrs are straying,
Thy velvet cheek to greet,
And limpid brooks are playing,
Sweet hymns beneath thy feet.

The fields are green and glowing,
The sky is bright above;
Each shady grove o'erflowing,
With melody and love.
Nature for *thee* is teeming,
With gifts of sacred worth:

A thousand lights are gleaming,
From Ocean Air and Earth.

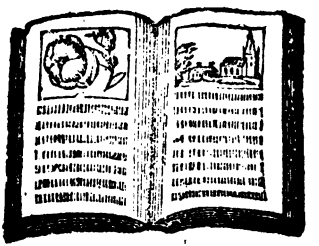
Friendship for *thee* is twining
A wreath of richest hue;
Like morning light reclining
On flowers gem'd with dew;
Bright Angels too are pressing,
From their own native hill,
To sweeten every blessing,
To guard from every ill.

Mid scenes so rich and cheering,
Indulge not in a sigh;
Live on endeared—endearing—
Nor dread to live or die.
Let wisdom guide thee ever,
The Scriptures be thy chart;
And still implore the Saviour,
To fill and rule thy heart.

Soon will each bright spring-blossom,
Sink down in sombre shade;
And in earth's dark cold bosom,
The loved, the good, be laid.

Oh then in prayer and praising,
Thy noblest powers employ,
From these low grounds upraising;
To Heavens hīghest joy.





MY ALBUM.

Go precious little gatherer, go !
  On wings of love away ;
But not where selfish scions grow,
Or streams of adulation flow,
  Nor yet where Cupids stray.

Oh ! stop not with those low-bowed
  At Mammon's gilded shrine ;
Nor with the fluttering, heartless crowd,
The vain, the gay, the false, the proud,
  Were never friends of mine.

Load not thyself with leafless stems,
From Fancy's fading bowers;
Let naught that common sense condemns,
Commingle here with friendship's gems,
Or shade affections flowers.

Where Truth her spotless emblem rears,
Where kindred feelings flow;
Where sympathy is shrined in tears,
Where time and absence but endears,
There little gatherer, go.

A Father's impress with thee bear,
A Mother's pen engage:
An evergreen—a lock of hair—
A Brothers wish—a Sisters prayer—
Shall consecrate each page.

Go gatherer wake the sleeping Muse,
Her richest tributes bring;
The polished shafts of wit unloose;
Let intellect, like rain-bow hues,
Her beauties o'er thee fling.

Bid Zions faithful Watchmen cast
Their gifts in memory's urn;

Away to youth's fond playmates haste,
Bid them record our pleasures past—
  Past never to return.

Thou silent messenger, away!
  Each valued relic store;
Oh! how 'twill cheer life's darkest day,
And sorrows rising storms allay,
  To count those relics o'er.

And should some hand that garnished thee
  Lie powerless in the grave,
Each fond memento e'er shall be
A gladsome light, a balm to me,
  O'er time's expiring wave.

THE FLOWER FORGET-ME-NOT.

Have we not lived and loved,
  Through long revolving years,
And well our friendship proved,
  By mutual sighs and tears.
Though distant oft from thee,
  Yet am I n'eer in thought;
And thou wilt wear for me
  The flower, Forget-me-not.

Go when the flowers of spring,
  Their varied hues display;
And leaf-clad hedges ring
  With nature's sweetest lay;
Go weave a neat boquet,
  With mystic meaning fraught;
And on thy garland lay
  The flower, Forget-me-not.

When summer roses droop;
  Beneath the scorching beam,—

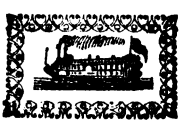
And beauteous lily's stoop,
To kiss the cooling stream;
Go where we used to meet,
For flowerets mark the spot—
And shield from summer-heat,
The flower, Forget-me-not,

When autumn winds shall sweep,
The foliage from the bowers,
And stars their vigils keep,
O'er withering mundane flowers
Though many wild-flowers rare,
Shall droop and fade forgot,
Oh! cherish then with care,
The flower, Forget-me-not.

When winters piercing breath,
E'en chills the mountain pine,
And universal death—
Broods over Flora's shrine:
Throughout the changeful year,
In Palace Hall or Cot,
Still on thy bosom wear,
The flower, Forget-me-not.

There's not a blossom blows,
  Devoid of language now,
Pink Eglantine and Rose,
  The Lilack's purple bough.
Yet one alone transcends—
  A token of faith unbought—
The pledge of parted friends—
  The flower, Forget-me-not.

Oh! then when I shall sleep,
  Low in the flowerets bed—
And thou mayst lonely weep,
  The world-forgotten dead;
Let the green willow wave
  Low drooping o'er the spot—
And plant upon my grave
  The flower, Forget-me-not.



SIGH NOT FOR BEAUTY.

What boots the gifts that beauty twirls,
Her snowy neck and silken curls,
Her ruby lips and teeth like pearls;
If sense alone be wanting:
Not e'en the forehead broad and high,
Nor velvet cheek of roseate dye,
Nor yet the deep-blue flashing eye,
Can render Miss enchanting.

Though beauty some should well approve,
And fools profess no higher love;
Yet still I ween the wise to move,
Than beauty more is needed:
Wisdom seeks fruit and not the stem,
Not empty caskets but the Gem;
Beauty is but the diadem,
The mind's an empire ceded.

Beauty, oh! 'tis a gilded snare,
Exciting, praise dissolved in air:

'Twere better to be good than fair,
Beloved than much admired.
Beauty may charm—when not our own,
But once possessed, the charm is gone,
For mental lack it wo'n't atone
Though gorgeously attired.

'Twere vain to boast a sylph-like grace,
If others could not plainly trace,
In every feature of the face,
The marks of charms superior:
A taste refined, with sterling sense,
The look of truth, that scorns pretence,
The thrilling glance of eloquence,
Endears a rude exterior.

Sigh not for beauty—covet less
An ideal form of emptiness,
Than intellect with homeliness
'Tis mind adorns the creature:
Intelligence can pencil o'er
The face we almost loathed before,
Until the more we look, the more
We learn to prize each feature.

Beauty is but a transient flower,
Exerting but a borrowed power,
And waning with each fleeting hour,
Must wither and die untraced;
The deathless mind of nobler birth,
Wanes not by age, in might or worth,
But leaves when parted long from earth,
Its bright impress uneffaced.

How vain are those led by their eyes,
Who beauty praise, and beauty prize,
And madly bow to idolize,
Cramped forms of fashion's curing;
The joys that aye from friendship spring,
Will not to senseless beauty cling,
'Tis intellect alone can fling,
The germs of bliss, enduring.

Earth's most beauteous lump of clay,
Must soon, disfigured, pass away,
Unpraised, alone in darkness lay
Where worms meet in revelry—
The soul dislodged shall upward spring,
On Glory's summit fold her wing,

And there with kindred spirits sing,
Lasting as Eternity.

No pallid cheek, or silvery hair,
Or slighted hideousness is there,
All shall be as the Angels are—
Who dwell with Christ the Saviour;
The halt, the blind, shall quit their doom;
Deformity's left in the tomb—
The blood-washed throng shall fadeless bloom,
In beauteous youth forever.





TO LITTLE MARY, TEN YEARS OLD.

Go forth, sweet child, when the breath of Spring,
Is borne afar on the Zephyr's wing;
And beauteous birds so merrily sing,
As if to invite us abroad;
Visit the brook at the sun-set hour,
The leafy grove and the wild-wood bower:
Through birds and brook, and forest and flower,
Look up, sweet child, to Nature's God!

Go forth, sweet child, in the Summer Sheen,
When Sol's bright ray has sombre'd the green—
And blossoms changed to fruitage I ween—
And sheaves stand thick where ploughman trod:

When reapers greet Aurora's return,
And dew-drops shine o'er meadows and fern;
Go forth, sweet child, this lesson to learn,
Each good gift descendeth from God.

Go forth, sweet child, when the Frost-King weaves
His mystic web with the forest leaves,
Tethers his gems to the farm-house eaves,
And tramples the summer-bower sod.
The brook is chilled, the birds are exiled,
Keen is the air once so balmy and mild;
Yet cold and heat are needful, sweet child,
Each shows us the wisdom of God.

Go forth, sweet child, when Spring comes again;
Go, when the brook breaks winter's strong chain,
And buds look out, o'er mountain and plain,
As once of old on Aaron's rod:
As germs spring up from coldness and gloom,
Filling the earth with beauty and bloom,
Christians, sweet child, shall rise from the tomb,
Rise to dwell forever with God.

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CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN

CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

See those Jewish mothers pressing
Through the gathering motley crowd;
Hear them ask Messiah's blessing
On their offspring, the meek, the proud,
Imploring benisons aloud.

In the midst behold the Saviour—
An infant once in Bethlehem—
Calling children into favour,
Setting them in his diadem—
His Kingdom is of such as them.

Glowing with unearthly lustre,
Is Emmanuel's placid face:
Unseen hosts around him cluster,
Wondering at the words of grace—
He breathes on Adams fallen race.

Mysteries, for ages hidden,
Are now revealed by Judea's Guest;
Jews and Gentiles now are bidden,
To lay their infants on his breast—
By whom they are forever blest.

Oh! what holy raptures seize us!
What ecstacies our hearts enshrine!
As we hear the blessed Jesus,
Say bring them here for they are mine—
All purified by blood divine.

Mine they are! through me unhurt,
They shall pass death's gathering night;
And Cherubs shall their souls escort,
On Cherub-wings to realms of light—
To dwell forever in my sight.

They are mine to perish never,
Though plucked from out the Parent's hand,
They shall sing my praise forever,
Up in that better brighter land—
In concert with the radiant band.

And in the spirit-world above
Your infants cannot thus remain;

Must every ransomed power improve,
Yet their identity retain—
Exempt from sorrow, sin, and pain.

Open wide ye gates of glory!
Angels exalt your minstrelsy!
Earth has heard the pleasing story;
Death is barbless, Heaven is free—
For all who die in infancy.

Cease, fond Parent! cease thy weeping,
Thy little prattlers coffin o'er;
Oh! he is not dead, but sleeping;
He is not lost, but gone before—
Waiting for thee on Canaan's shore.

LINES TO M——

Yes thou art happy, o'er thy brow
Gleams of gladness dance,
The bliss thy spirit treasures now,
Is felt in every glance:
Thy pulses thrill,
All joyous still,
Life seems a pleasing trance.

Hope proffers now rich scenes to come,
To brighten friendships shrine,
And all the joys of home, sweet home,
Round thee unbroken twine.
Lifes rosy morn,
Thy cheeks adorn,
And friends, and hope—are thine.

Alas! earths charms so falsely bright,
But herald mortals doom;
Thine eye may lose its laughing light,

Thy blushing cheek its bloom;
The ills of earth,
May chill thy mirth,
And youths fond hopes consume.

I would not wish thee free from all
The ills that heavenward lie;
Let billows toss; let sorrows fall;
They fit us for the sky:
The Christian's cross,
And earthly loss,
Will bear thee up on high.

And should'st thou live to weep alone,
O'er fond ties early riven:
Should cherished friends, droop one by one,
And die 'ere yet 'tis even:
The grief of years,
Earths gushing tears,
Are wiped away in Heaven.

LANGUAGE OF THE EYE.

Oh! tell me not that polished art,
Can every look control;
The Eye—an index to the heart,
The tell-tale of the soul!

It mutely speaks and mortals feel
Its language unforborne,
The joyous thrill, the fond appeal,
The withering flash of scorn,

A single look can paint a blush,
Or pledge the pearly tear—
Can bid our feelings upward gush,
Or downward sink in fear.

One glance can make the tyrant quail,
Strength to the weak impart;
Can elevate mans moral scale,
Or tinge with vice the heart:

Can stamp conviction on the soul,
  Or banish mental pain—
Can bid the tide of memory roll,
  To childhood's hours again.

Honied words may cover guile,
  Deception lurk in sound:
The cheerful mien, the practised smile,
  Conceal a rankling wound.

But, oh! the eye, the truth reveals,
  What 'ere that truth may be,
It heralds what the bosom feels
  Though wrapt in secrecy.

It tells of untold tearless wo,
  The anguish of the past;
And treasures up the rapturous glow,
  Of bliss too pure to last.

There's not a thought we would advance,
  Nor wish, nor hope, nor fear,
But glitters in the truth-lit glance,
  Or blossoms in a tear.

Transcending words, the eyes declare,
What else we fear to tell;
The kind reception sparkles there,
There melts the fond Farewell.



THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

JANUARY 1ST, 1847.

Good morning kind patrons!
And maidens and matrons,
And all that delight in good cheer—
I've a garland of rhyme
For the brow of old Time,—
A song for the blithesome New-Year!

Some sing to be witty,
And some to look pretty,
And some to accommodate self;
Others merely to keep
The dear baby asleep,—
But "Carriers" sing for the *Pelf*.

And the world is so choice,
Both in matter and voice,
I'll sing "short and sweet" on my word;
Yet with steamboats and boys
There's such puffing and noise,
I'll have to sing loud to be heard.

I could sing in my youth
Of God's mercy and truth,
And now in old age of his ways;
Ay, the bliss it imparts
Should still leap from our hearts
In anthems of wonder and praise!

Since the Judge of the world
His bright token unfurled
On the breast of the rain-burdened cloud,
Day and night, heat and cold,

And the Seasons have rolled
Alike o'er the humble and proud!

The Lord's mercies embrace
E'en the whole of our race,—
Encircling the Serf and the Queen!
There's not one too obscure,
Nor too vile, nor too poor,—
Not a sparrow can perish unseen!

What rich blessings, I trow,
Have we garnered just now,
From the year that has recently pass'd.
Surely Goodness and Love,
From beneath and above,
Around us their tributes have cast.

We have cause to rejoice
With one heart and one voice—
To offer thanksgiving each day.
Zion's lamps are all burning,
And sinners are turning—
Are rushing from darkness to day.

"Evangelical Union"
And Christian Communion

Are cherished in hopes and desires;
But the Temperance Cause
Still depends on the Laws
To flourish when License expires!

For the forth-coming year,
And I'm really sincere,
All things have a promising look:—
There's a Doctor I'm told,
For the good of the Old,
Proposes the sale of a Book.

True the Book is to write,
But the work will be light,
Divided among all the Preachers;
And sure as they try it
The people will buy it,
And bless their spiritual teachers.

May good books and good laws,
And every good cause
Great good to our country secure:—
May rich blessings attend
Each true-hearted friend
Of the aged, infirm, and the poor!

And, to judge by the press
To obtain my "Address,"
The "Old Carrier" dare not complain:—
All the Ladies up Street
Esteemed it a treat;
But still I have "more of the same."

I much need a new suit—
A warm cap and kip-boot
To protect from the wind and the water.
That's a Christian I'm sure,
For he's kind to the poor,
And he smiled as he gave me that Quarter!!

HYMENIAL SCRAPS.

[Written impromptu, and published at different periods of time, beneath Marriage Notices; at the request of the newly married pairs.]

No. 1.
THE NUPTIAL WREATH.

Hallowed tie of sacred bliss,
All former ties enshrining;
Earth's purest, dearest tie is this—
Our spirits now entwining.
The nuptial wreath of Eden-hue,
Encircling fond hearts plighted;
Oh! may it bloom life's journey through
Unbroken, and unblighted.

No. 2.
THE PREDICTION.

Happy pair their fate's decided,
Hopes and fears for life allied;
They have all life's cares divided,
All its pleasures multiplied:

My friend predicts the bliss that cheers
THEIR hearts at Hymens Altar,
Will drive some folks of riper years
To *Marriage* or the Halter!

No. 3.

FAREWELL TO CHILHOOD,S HOME.

Turn we now from the old-homestead,
Rich in paternal blessing:
Together now life's pathway tread
Our bartered love possessing.
We pledge e'en here the parting tear
As pure as ever started—
To childhood's home and kindred dear
The loved and loyal-hearted.
And should the joys fond hope offers
Be ours as now appearing,
Still the cup that memory proffers
Will make them more endearing.
Life's former joys still may we share,
When joys less pure have perished;
By you may we as erst we were
Be ever fondly cherished

And when life's tear-lit goal we win,
When earth's frail tie is broken;
Oh! may our joys but then begin,
Where no adieus are spoken!

No. 4.

A BLESSING IMPLORED.

Father of mercies bless
These blending spirits now,
And crown with happiness
The sacred, mutual, vow.
The hallowed knot is tied,
Thy blessing we implore:
Let naught their hearts divide;
Protect them by thy power.

Still may their joys abound;
Their pathway ever bright,
With mercies close them round,
By morning noon and night,
Should dark misfortune lower,
Incline their hearts to thee;
And, in temptaton's hour,
Give them the victory.

Oh! may they ne'er forget
Their vows of constancy;
May no untold regret
Well up from memory.
Oh! may the bliss they know,
On this their bridal day,
Still deeper, purer, grow,
Nor ever pass away.

Father of mercies bless
This trusting youthful pair
With peace, hope, happiness,
Health, undimmed by care.
The hallowed knot is tied,
Thy blessing we implore;
Be thou through life their guide,
Their portion evermore.

No. 5.

I WISH YOU MUCH HAPPINESS.

To wish one much happiness presents no oddity,
'Tis a hackneyed phrase, the currency of art,
Used sometimes honestly, oft as a commodity,
In which, doubtless, the tongue belies the heart.

The wish is superfluous if breathed in sincerity,
And mostly received as a "natural flat";
And, oh! how it gouges if uttered in asperity,
By some slighted crony or the like of that—
I dislike the phrase, it sounds insinuating,
But as it gives the burdened heart relief;
I will not condemn it, but prefer in congratulating
To wish them merely exemption from grief.

No. 6.

HE NEVER HAS REPENTED.

Oh! he was poor—a tradesman, too,
In this rough world just started;
And yet they called him good and true,
The frank and noble-hearted,
From those who reared his loving spouse,
He met with opposition:
But they exchanged their mutual vows,
To change their lone condition.
One act alone has stained his life,
Which might have been prevented,
He sinned, he did—he *stole his wife*—
And never has repented!



ACROSTIC.

Toil on ye tried, untiring band,
Hold fast your crown, united stand;
Emboldened by your past success,

Persist to wield the Christian Press.
In kindness still to rich and poor,
Toil on, to waft from door to door,
The "Advocate" the Christian's friend;

Success will aye your toil attend.
By every sacred tie is man—
Urged on to do what good he can:
Retard Sin's dark destructive tide,
Guard well the truth and spread it wide,
How much for man the Press hath done,

Cannot by us be fully known,—
How much the "Advocate" may do,
Remains likewise for future view;
It is indeed a noble sheet,—
Superbly drest, in form complete.
Toil on ye noble-hearted band,
Increase your lists with *cash in hand*,
Advance the *Paper* ever try;—
Nor pass your wealthier neighbor by:

Ask him—he'll help, and freely, sure,
Divide *two dollars* with the poor;
View it never, as vainly spent,
Or lost, but timely, wisely lent;
Come brethren let our sheet be read;
At least *Ten Thousand* copies spread;
The good which from this germ may swell,
Eternity alone can tell.

WE MAY NEVER MEET.

I know that we may never meet
As we were wont to do:
May ne'er again our vows repeat
Of friendship, tried and true;
Yet we can drink from memory's cup,
Embossed with friendship's tear,
And absence will but nourish hope,
Will kindred souls endear.

I know that we may never meet,
As friend meets earthly friend;
Yet there's a hallowed mercy-seat
Where trusting spirits blend,
Oh! let us cling with eager grasp
To this sure refuge still;
Cling on nor our firm hold unclasp
Till raised to Zion's hill.

I know that we may never meet,
This side the grave again;

But there's a blest, a calm retreat,
Beyond Time's stormy main.
Oh! let us live with this in view,
Our calling still adorn;
Yea, live our friendship to renew,
On the Resurrection morn.



THE DROWNED BOY.

'Twas cold and drear, the recent rain
Had bid the stream be free;
With giant might it broke its chain,
And dashed off toward the sea.
Away it swept with maddening thrill,
Rushing in angry pride;
While babbling brook, and tiny rill,
Came down to swell the tide.

A winsome lad, on errand sped,
Now on its bank appears;—
With ruddy cheek, and silken head,
Of scarcely fifteen years:—
Urging his steed, with whip and yell,
To gain the other shore;
He plunged—and both together fell—
The boy to rise no more!

One thrilling scream!—I hear it yet,
Rose from the watery wild;
In dreadful haste the townsmen met
To rescue that dear child.

In vain they searched with tearful eyes,
The stream where he was drowned;
God only knows just where he lies,
His body ne'er was found.

No marble slab points out the spot:
No wild-flowers deck his grave;
To some endeared, by some forgot,
He sleeps beneath the wave.
The pine-tree lifts its sable cone
High o'er the rocky verge,
Where oft in wild and mournful tone,
The ring-dove chants his dirge.

The roaring stream—his winding sheet—
Still rushes o'er its bed,
And on its bank they often meet,
The parents of the dead.
Alas! not here can they embrace
That form with fond delight;
Onward aye the wavelets chase,
That swept him from their sight.

No more he'll climb the mountain's brow;
Or scan the flowery heath;

He gently sleeps, ay ! dreamless now,
The rolling wave beneath.
What though that form was never found,
Nor in the Church-yard lain;
God's watchful power will still surround
And raise it up again!



FREEMEN ARE COMING.

Hark ! hark to the tread of the marshalling host,
It sounds from afar like the Ocean's turmoil;
Freemen are coming from the mountains and coast
To garner the fruit of their forefather's toil.
With banners unfurled,
The pride of the world,
And their watchword is:—****who bled for our soil.

Freemen are coming, by the light of that Star,
Which hung o'er our tents on the Valley-Forge plain;
They glory in peace—ever ready for war,
Should Tyranny dare to molest us again:
The cry is, they come
With Trumpet and drum,
And their watchword is:—****who guards Freedom's fane.

Aurora's bright beam, and the gifts of the fair,
Are wreathing a shield o'er the gathering clan:

Gay silken streamers, and quaint emblems are there,
Are gallantly borne by the rear and the van ;
Oh ! what could withstand,
This firm-hearted band,
While their watchword is ;—****the true friend of man.

They come, whose labors made the wilderness smile ;
Whose homes are afar where the Sun sinks to rest ;
They come, as they would to welcome the exile,
To the wave beaten rock which the Puritan prest.
Still onward they throng,
Their toast and their song,
And their watchword is ;—****the Pride of the West.

They come from the marts, from the shores of the sea,
Where Freedom looks out on the foam crested wave .
Freemen are coming—Freemen ever to be—
To cherish the boon which their forefathers gave.

They come not a few—
Stern-hearted and true,
And their watchword is :—****the gifted and brave.

Where anthems go up through the storm-beaten spires,
That crowns Freedom's Halls, in conclave they meet ;
Yes, Freemen are there, noble sons of brave sires
United in heart their loved Hero to greet.
To tender him soon,
The world's highest boon,
And their watchword is ;—****the Statesman complete.

Ah ! while peans roll from the trumpet and tongue,
From glad hearts and free, o'er the land and the wave,
One heart is still sad, and one harp is unstrung,
The heart and the harp of the down-trodden slave,
Though born on your soil,
Still hopeless his toil,
Still fester his wounds till he drops in the grave.

Think of it, Freemen—let it ne'er be forgot—
The groans of millions mingles now with your song:
Think, Freemen, and wipe from your Country this blot;
Oh! think and redress this deep palpable wrong.
Oh! how can you clasp,
With iron-like grasp,
The *souls* that only to their *God* can belong.

My Country! I love and ever pray for her weal;
Yet fear e'en the while she is heaping up wo,
While Freedom rings out in the bell's merry peal,
In toast and in song, o'er the wine's deepening glow—
The voice is abroad—
'Tis the mandate of God—
"Let all men be free," and "Let my people go."



PEACE ON EARTH.

On the mountain top stood the Prophet of God,
Recording with joy the Messiah's increase;
When Lo! he espied amid carnage and blood,
The ensign of Love, and the symbol of Peace.

Long gazed the Prophet through futurity's night,
Exultingly gazed on the "Bright Morning Star,"
And his harp-strings gleamed with the heaven-sent light,
That should roll from earth the deep darkness of war.

Long ages have flown since the Prophet thus sung,
Nor yet has man learned e'en to bear and forbear:

But the gladsome words that then fell from his
tongue,
Are cherished in hope and oft profferred in prayer.

Gladly would millions hail the morn of that day,
When foemen as friends shall each other embrace;
When Peace shall abound and the young lambkins
play [place.
With Leopards and Kids on the Forest-King's

War clouds shall vanish like night's fog-wreaths
away,
Nor thunder again o'er the brass mounted walls;
Nation with nation shall rejoice in that day,
Their battle-bows rest—rest unbent in their halls,

The arts of warfare shall the world then unlearn,
In bloodless conquest's their implements wield;
No sentry shall stand, not a watchfire shall burn,
The Olive shall bloom on the once tented field.—

The war-steed shall rest from his glittering gear;
The groomsman desist from his hazardous toil;
And warriors may use the grim bayonet and
spear,
Mid the wide-spread boughs of their native soil.

Nor shall man's life-blood again crimson the
wave,
'Neath the dark banners of dire conflict unfurled;
No more shall the dirge of the loved and the brave,
Burden the night-wind as they float o'er the
world.

No war-whoops again from the savage be heard,
Nor tomahawks gleam o'er mountain and heath,
Nor midnight again in its stillness be stirred,
By the rude onset, and the signals of death.

The helpless shall rest where war's monuments
stand,
Protected by peace and with bulwarks of love;
Loud anthems shall roll o'er the sea and the land,
In unison sweet with the anthems above.

Seraph and Cherub, and the Spirits on high,
Will hail the glad hour when all warrings shall
cease;
From unnumbered harps the blest sentence shall
fly:
Man loves his fellow, and the earth rests in peace.

The Moon and the Stars shall then sing to the Earth
The mirrored Ocean shall reflect the sweet strain,
Nature shall echo e'en the song of her birth,
Sung once by angels o'er Judea's bright plain.

Angels and prophets have performed well their part,
Have borne Glory to mortals, peace and good will;
Let these guide the tongue, let these govern the heart,
Soon will Jehovah each blest promise fulfil.

Gladly would millions hail the morn of that day,
When foemen as friends shall each other embrace;
When peace shall abound, and the young lambkin play,
With Leopards and Kids in the Forest-King's place.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

TO H. A. M.

Mid storm and calm, thou art sweeping
In fearful haste o'er time's dark sea;
Sometimes, thy bark o'er billows leaping,
Sometimes, becalmed with cloudless lee.
Homeward ever swiftly tending,
Entrusted with a priceless gem;
Speed thee on when lights are blending
Through darkness speed the tide to stem;
Ever toiling, watching, praying;—
Round thy compass, o'er thy chart,
Aloof from rocks—never straying—
Nor from thy course for once depart.
Nor careless grow, cease not waking;
Muse not over the worldlings course,
Or shrink at death's cold waves breaking,
Over thy bark with dreadful force.
Rest not, fear not, the struggle past,
Eternal rest is thine at last.

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

I stood alone, at the noon of night,
On a wave-washed rock of antique form,
As the full moon threw her richest light,
O'er the brow of the gathering storm;
Where the sun last beamed,
Fierce lightnings gleamed,
As if to herald the sailor's doom;
Dark massive clouds,
Like ghost-woven shrouds,
Were madly mantling the stars in gloom.

Dead silence reigned, not a sound was heard,
Save that which the deep-toned thunder gave;
Not a breath of air, nor ripple stirred
The chrystal breast of the wrecked ones grave:
Away on the deep,
Like giants asleep
Two ships lay trimmed from hull to head;
With close reefed sails,
Firm halyard and brails,
Wistfully waiting the tempest's tread.

Onward it dashed with a dreadful bound,
Rushing as though the heavens were rent;
Rending the deep with terriffic sound,
Till sea and sky seemed fearfully blent:
Thunderbolts ploughed
From cloud to cloud,
Wind warred with wind o'er the mariner's home,
E'en stirring the dead,
In their coral bed,
Adown the chasms of tempest-toss'd foam.

The hurricane past a calm ensued.
The moon came out in silvery sheen:
Again on that surf beaten rock I stood,
To learn the fate of those ships I'd seen.
Alas! one was gone,
Promiscuously strown
On the shore were the wreck and the dead;
She had *Rum* on board,
Her larders were stored,
With worse than the winds that round her sped.

One still was there when the storm was past,
With a thrill of joy I hailed her spars,
A *Temperance Flag* was nailed to her mast,
And gracefully waved 'neath Freedoms stars.
O ! I could not forbear
One soul-sent prayer,
That sailors would ne'er taste Rum again;
And millions that sleep,
In the caves of the deep
Sent up a long and a loud *Amen*,

BETTER DAYS.

Mortals bliss must needs be brief:
Where all is strange commotion;
Mingled oft with pain and grief,
On time's tempestuous ocean;
'Tis hopes and fears,
And smiles and tears,
Alternate joy and sorrow;
Yet still the rays,
Of better days,
Illumes each coming morrow.

Cares await the wise and great,
And wealth's a painted bubble;
All are doomed, in Church or State,
To quaff the cup of trouble:
Manners changing,
Friends estranging,
Instinctive still we borrow,
E'en from the rays,
Of better days,
A cordial for to-morrow.

Who would be a timid slave,
In indolence repining?
Ay! who would not breast the wave,
When gems beyond are shining:
Though oft distrest,
Cast down, opprest,
There is pleasure in the strife?
For still the rays,
Of better days,
Gleam o'er the path of life.

What though gloom the past enshroud,
And hopes and fears are blending?
Often from the darkest cloud
Are brightest joys descending:
True we may sow
In tears below,
And nurture the seed in grief;
Yet still the rays,
Of better days,
Brighten o'er each garnered sheaf.

Happiest they who smile at care,
Nor grieve o'er imaginings,

With enough to eat and wear.
Nor a wish for golden wings:
For surely this
Is earthly bliss,
Friends, contentment, peace, and love,
And still the rays,
Of better days,
Point to brighter joys above.

Soon the good, from sorrow free,
Shall bask in endless pleasure;
Soon the righteous poor shall be
Possessed of countless treasure;
Then cast each care,
In humble prayer,
On *Him* who cares for thee;
For soon the rays,
Of better days,
Shall lead to Eternity.



A BROTHER'S WISH.

EMILY, I would breathe for thee,
A wish, what shall its import be?
So pure and bright thy life appears
The past, to-day, to-morrow,
Thou hast not wept the orphan's tears,
Or borne the widow's sorrow.

A peaceful happy home is thine,
Where Linnets press the trellised vine,
Where friendship's purest incense burns,
O'er hearts unstrung by sadness;
Where bliss with twilight still returns,
Each morning's hailed in gladness.

And should *ennui* thy spirit seize,
Then thou canst strike the trembling keys,
The darkest hour of life beguile,
And laugh at care retiring;
Love's pure vow, affection's smile,
Thy bosom aye inspiring.

What can I wish for one so blest,
Of every earthly joy possest?
'Twere vain to wish these joys might last,
The solemn truth concealing:
Alas! life's sands are wasting fast,
Our future doom revealing.

Thou may'st have tears in store to shed,
O'er blighted hopes, o'er pleasures fled;
May'st weep beside a father's grave,
A fond mother's loss deplore,
Yield back perhaps what heaven gave,
Howe'er dear to thee before.

Thou may'st yet watch while others sleep,
By the loved one's couch thy vigils keep;
May'st gently hide the truant tear,
That starts to see them languish:
May'st offer on a Husband's bier—
Drops of bitter anguish.

Oh! I could wish thee thus bereft—
A refuge in the "Rocks" deep cleft:
Thy friend, *He*, who in dieing blest,
By making death a blessing:

Thou hast indeed of him possest,
All, all that's worth possessing.

Through his mysterious agony,
Is time linked with eternity;
Now mortals urged to sue for grace,
May live and die forgiven:
Hail the grave as a resting place,
The pathway up to heaven!

May'st thou— whate'er in time thy doom,
—Beyond the dark insatiate tomb,
With kindred souls and angels stand,
Where every wish is stilled;
Where spirits ever shall expand,
With bliss forever filled.

THE STREAMLET.

Adown the mount descending,
A streamlet danced along,
Flowerets bright were bending,
To catch its whispered song;
Through mead and woodland stealing,
Away from its limpid source,
A deep-green line revealing
Its quaint meandering course.

To this the widowed Turtle,
Oft came to lave her breast;
And o'er it spread the myrtle,
Where the Robin built her nest.
'Twas a brilliant little river,
Earth's vernal bowers among;
And seemed as if it never—
Could cease to dance along.

Alas! grim winter bound it,
In his chilly, icy chain;

The flowers that grew around it,
Lay scattered o'er the plain,
The magic spell was broken—
That wooed us to its verge;
And fitful blasts unspoken;
Sighed out the streamlet's dirge.

But now the sparkling fountain,
Seemed doubly dear to me:
Sole monarch of the mountain,
Unfettered, blithe and free—
The snow-clad hills before it,
But magnified its zest,
And frost-drops clustering o'er it,
Fell melting on its breast.

How like the world's profession,
Of friendship—was this stream:—
A sweet, short lived expression,
A transient pleasing dream!
While prosperous we enjoy it—
Nor wish it less or more;
But driven to employ it,
We find it frozen o'er.

The world is oft deceitful,
Where deepest we confide;
Most wickedly ungrateful,
Where largest we divide,—
Its fondest vow would banish
Its victim in disgrace;
Its strongest light will vanish
Just in the darkest place.

Yet, still the world's appearing
With colors false in view;
But renders more endearing,
The tried and trusty few;—
For whoso in all confides
Will find his friendship cloy,
While he whom prudence guides
May all its sweets enjoy.

Then let Parasites forsake,
When dark misfortunes lower;
Each flattering promise break,
Made in life's sunny hour—
See in the snow-clad mountain,
And frozen stream their end,

And in the sparkling fountain
The emblem of a Friend.



O! GIVE ME A RURAL SPOT.

A PARODY.

O! give me a rural spot
Where the song-bird woos her mate;
A home in the vine-clad cot,
With its porch and rustic gate:
Like a felon chained I fret,
In this dull monotonous town;
Oh! give me the wild-woods yet
The brook, and the mountain's frown.

Once more in the coach I sit,
By my Father's horses drawn—

Dash off, with the foaming bit
Away o'er the scented lawn.
We leap o'er the earth's green breast
Like a mountain-deer pursued;
Like the mountain-deer to rest
Far off, in the deep, dark wood!

So far from the City away,
I heed not the rout and ball;
But here on my Harp I'll play
And sing by the water-fall:
And the song of my heart shall be
While the birds in the forest hide,
A life in a Cot for me—
A Home by the mountain side.

HUMAN LIFE.

Not in the giant-oak that flings
His branches o'er the rocky steep,
Nor in the pliant shrub that springs
Unhurt from out the whirlwind's sweep:
But in the frailest plants that rise,
A type of human life is found;
In that which buds and blooms and dies—
'Ere Sol completes his annual round.

The Spring appears in glittering green,
Of buoyant youth an emblem bright;
And manhood's prime as Summer sheen
A moment glows in gems of light;
A moment glows, but soon the blast
Of bleak November nips the bloom;
Spring-time is gone, the Summer past,—
Man stands trembling o'er the tomb.

Nor it alone—the place of graves,—
Where sleeps perhaps a bosom friend:
Each tiny, trembling leaf that waves
Proclaims man's origin and end;

From dust to dust, with swift transfer,
Behold earths teeming millions pass;
Man's glory's but the gossamer,
And all mankind as grass.

As sinks the blasted floweret down,
In crumbling atoms on the plain:
So drops the Monarch from his crown,
The captive from his galling chain:
Earth's vernal flowers may fade unwept;
Hope paints them on the Seasons wing;
Thus all who have in Jesus slept
Shall wake to an eternal spring.

THE ELDEST BORN.

We loved him well; so pure and mild,
So rich in innocent glee,
Radiant with health and joy he smiled,
And many a swift-winged hour beguiled,
In gambolling o'er the lea.

We guarded well from every blight
Our beautiful eldest-born;
We bound his brow with flowerets bright,
Rejoicing in the hallowed light
That gladdens in life's young morn.

We furnished him soon with book and toy,
And thought of a wreath of pearls;
Fondly we dreamed of earthly joy,
And kissed the cheek of our sweet boy,
As we prest his golden curls.

We sketched his path with blessings rife,
High on Mercy's wing upborne;
From childish glee through manhood's strife,
We marked for him a brilliant life,
Our beautiful eldest-born.

We wept for joy to see him kneel
And murmur his evening prayer;
And felt, as none but Parents feel,
Whose hearts no smothered wo conceal,
Nor ill, nor cankering care.

Alas! Alas! mans brightest hours
Oft precede life's deepest shade;

Afflictions fall with fruitful showers,
And earth's most beauteous, rarest flowers,
Are often the first to fade.

Our first-born died—ay, from the stem
The tender bud was riven—
We lost a precious, priceless gem,
Our infant gained a diadem,
A crown, a home, in Heaven.

Sleep on sweet babe; we'll not deplore,
Nor doubt the way of the Lord;
Thou art not lost, but "gone before,"
Soon shall the storms of life be o'er
And our absent one restored.

Sleep on sweet babe! we see thee yet,—
That beautiful marble brow,
That Cherub smile we cannot forget,
But cherish it without regret,
For Oh! thou art happy now.

We leave the spot—that earth endears,—
The grave of our eldest born;

Yet while we roam in this vale of tears,
Shall hope look through the roll of years—
To the Resurrection morn.



AN IMPORTANT QUERY.

If thou wert seated on a Throne,
Mids't trembling millions great alone,
And called a Continent thine own,
With half the rolling deep:
With Knighthood's starlet on thy breast,
An helmet tipt with golden crest,
And beauteous Pages gaily drest,
To fan thee when asleep.

Possessed of India and Peru,
And gorgeous robes of glittering hue,
Friends unnumbered tried and true,
Each wandering wish to still;
Thus seated, feared, applauded, crowned,
With cunning artists, wits profound,
And well-fed menials waiting round,
Submissive to thy will.

If thou hadst Parks and Gardens rare,
Murmuring rills commingling there,
Fountains bursting high in the air,
The air perfumed with flowers;
A chosen, faultless minstrelsy,
If beauty's fingers prest the key,
And twined love's mystic wreath for thee
In summer's roseate bowers:

If sails were filled by every breeze,
Wafting to thee from o'er the seas,
Costly viands thy taste to please,
And gems of countless worth;
If valiant armies hourly stood
For thee in garments rolled in blood,

Conquering nations at thy nod,
Conquering e'en the earth:

T'were much if many nations hurled
Their treasures 'neath thy flag unfurled,
T'were more to gain the wave-bound world,
And reign without control;
But wert thou Monarch of this ball,
With all its pleasures at thy call,
What would'st thou gain *to gain them all,*
And lose thy DEATHLESS SOUL.



MISFORTUNE'S CHILD.

See! reclining—on that humble pallet
Half-filled with musty straw—Misfortune's child,
In tattered robe enwrapped, emaciated,
Pale, dejected, penniless and alone.
On that peerless forehead, expanded, high,
Index sure, of intellectual worth,
Has stern Despair his signet, deeply set,
In transverse lines of bitter agony.

Alas! how sadly changed!
How cold and statue-like each feature seems—
Once heavenly, pliant, fair and faultless—
How changed—expressionless and vacant now,
And rigid, by untold, tearless anguish racked.
Than orphaned worse. By none adopted.
No friendly hand to staunch affliction's tear,
Half-frozen, on her roseless cheek. Nor lap,
Nor kindred bosom on which to pillow
Her aching head. Nor anxious ear upturned
To catch her artless tale of bitter wrong,

More deeply thrilling far, pathetic more,
Than Fancy's high-wrought fiction e'er could be.

Misfortune's child and friendless
Worse than friendless. Cast off, returnless cast,
Like blighted or untimely fruit, to rot;
'Too long, forsooth, that stricken heart hath gone
Unbound, Unmollified, a stranger to the balm,
The healing balm of sympathy. Of Hope,
Of every hope bereft, poor, isolated one.
Nor can she weep. Ah, no! 'Twere a luxury
By far too great for grief like hers. Long since
Was sorrow's fount exhausted, its channel charred,
Unmoistened now, and parched the heart that erst
Was sensibility itself; and parched the lips.
And pale the cheek, and haggard all, where once,
The smiling Graces held their vernal court.

Poor, stricken, tearless one; she weeps not now;
Once she could weep incessantly, and waste,
In humid drops, the poignant grief, that hung,
Oft times, in thickening cloudlets round her soul;
The poignant grief, then in its infancy,
Which threatens now the citadel of life.
Full often, through her raining tears, I ween,

In other days, would peer, the bow of Hope;
Beauteous, and bright, like breaks of sun-shine
On the morning showers, leaving affection's smile
Where passed a moment since, the threatening
storm.

Alas! how changed!
Life's brightest, dearest ties, for her no longer hold,
One wish to live; nought binds her now to earth,
Sweet flowers, her favorites once, run wild,
And trail each walk untrellissed and untrimmed;
Her harp lies tuneless and untouched. In vain
Doth nature smile. She smiles not—cannot
smile—
Save when, in some troubl'd dream, Death beckons
To the spirit-world proffering sweet relief.

A drear, forsaken wreck, she seems, by waves,
And pitiless winds high-dashed on some cold,
Inhospitable shore. Or, flickering remnant
Of beauty's, friendship's star, torn piece-meal,
And from its orbit hurled by rude undue,
And base attraction.

Life's morn to her was cloudless, promising,
And bright; Ay bright and beauteous, in truth,

As Aurora's prism'd tints, from dew-gem'd lawn
Reflected, when in light, transparent wreaths,
And sparkling, they eddy still, on nature's
Vernal breath upborne. In early life how blest.
Her's was a joyous childhood, gilt with glee.
Her doating Father's only trust—Maternal care
She never knew. Better, far, she had known it.
Beneath a pious mother's plastic touch,
She would have learned the gilded serpent's
Artful folds to shun.

Once, she was happy, and beautiful, and good,
By truth encircled and by friendship crowned.
Possessed of nature's rarest gifts she nought
But nature knew; was nature's truthful,
Trusting child, nor dreamed she then of cold
neglect,
Or base deception. How pure she seemed,
And artless; e'er yet upon her ear had fall'n
The fiendish destroyer's poisoned speech; ay pure
As pristine tear on childhoods cheek. Her laugh
Rang out, enchanting, like the Eolian's sweetest
tones,
When sinks the Summer-sun to rest. Her hymn

Of grateful praise was gently carrolled,
With the Lark's, as he upward soared to lave
His wing in morning's infant beam.

Alas! that clouds should gather o'er her path,
To darken life's young morn, and sap love's fount,
She listened, loved and trusted—and was deceived.
Deeply, dearly, and devotedly, she loved—loved,
As only Woman can, with deathless strength.
Deeply she loved. Ay, loved an artful villain—
Unrequited loved—yet deemed his heart her own,
And deeming thus, was happy. Around affection's
Blotted shrine she meekly linked her peace—
Her all—with perjured vows, unsound, and foul,
As withering breath of Erebus.

Deeply she loved, nor dreamed the fiend's heart,
Who trifl'd thus, was long since pledged elsewhere.
Long pledged, nor biding long the bridal-day.
The charm must vanish, truth must out, abruptly,
Or in measured steps. Suddenly it flashed

Her unsuspecting heart across. Upstarting,
From Fancy's fevered trance, like frightened fawn,
She wakes to woe incurable! Misfortunes
On misfortunes crowd that seldom come alone.—
Ye happy, favored ones, whom nought surrounds,
But bliss, unshadowed and increasing bliss—
Pity misfortune's child. By death, unnerved,
And powerless now, the strong Paternal arm,
That led her forth in infancy, in riper years,
A ready shield, lies in the grave, and hushed
The gladsome voice which ever fell like music
On her ear attent. Gone each earthly comfort,
And means, and dowry gone. Her father's wealth
Took wings and fled away, and fled away the
artful wretch—
Perfidious author of her woe—forever fled,
And fled each former friend, and household joy,
And sinless hope, and peace, all, all are fled.
Poor child of misfortune. Who could but pity?
Upbraided, slighted, spurned, e'en by those
Who were her tireless satellites, circling still,
In palmier days, her winsome sphere around!
By all forsaken, yet, keenly sensitive,
Like some sweet vernal floweret, rudely crushed

By truant foot, misfortune's child, secluded lives,
And droops to die, unseen, unheard.

Inconsistent, though it seem,
Unjust and harsh—yet has the world e'en cursed,
With changeless curse, who e'er may step aside
In error's path, of woman kind—while oft
The sterner sex pass unrebuked.

Unfortunate, and fall'n, poor erring one—
I pity thee—from virtue, and from peace estrang'd
Dark is the path I trow, o'er which thou prayest
Oblivion's unyielding tide to speed,
To obliterate the past, the future hide.
Yet, cherish not Despair's grim adumbrations.
'Twere wicked not to trust entire, the Power divine,
That "tempers the blast to the shorn lamb."
Thou art not forsaken, nor friendless yet,
True merit, through misfortune shines, and lures
To friendship, but, the good and virtuous.
Then turn thine eye, thou earth-forsaken one,
To Sovereign Mercy's throne, where GOD presides;
He will deliver; whom, troubles lead to him;

And his prerogative, alone, it is—
The erring to forgive.

'Twere better thus, though deeply wronged—
than wrong.
For aye pursued, the author of thy misery,
A thousand furies flies, in vain essays to scape
The rankling sting of keen remorse.

What though;
The heartless, proud, perfidious world, forget,
Or seem, to forget the wrong, and laud him still,
And push him on to power, and wealth and fame,
This, never can suppress, the spectral moan
Of murdered innocence, which nightly, strangles
The sepulchral echo of his daily joy.
Think not, that adulation, can remove
The damning stain of perjury, from his conscience:
'Tis a burdened, seared and blistered thing;
Resembling, much, a writhing reptile,
'Neath smoking embers kept, in growing agony.
What though, the partial, blinded, world adjudge,
Erroneously, the gentler sex, and wink
At sterner manhood's boasted shame.

With God nought is forgot. His arm upholds
The fiery bolts that soon must crush all
Whom mercy connot mould. Impartial Judgement sleeps,
Sleeps to wake, though long delayed. Each secret thing
Shall be revealed, though hidden, long, or good or bad.
Nor gold, nor fame, shall there secrete the criminal.
Infinite wisdom cannot err, nor goodness
Prove unkind. In mercy's scale shall God adjust,
Man's actions all, sequence and motive too;
And justly right each earth-inflicted wrong.

IN MEMORY

OF M. N. B.

Yes, the beauteous bud hath perished unblown,
Though incessantly guarded by vigils unbroken,
The Casket is empty, the spirit hath flown,
Her warblings are hushed, the mandate is spoken.
She hath passed from our arms to the land of the blest,
No more to endure earth's withering sadness;
She is gone to the place, where the weary shall rest,
In the garden of God by the river of gladness;
She is gone! she is gone!
And left us to mourn;
But we could not—we would not,—
Invoke her return.

We may weep o'er the joys affection would borrow,
When from our fond grasp they are ruthlessly riven,
But sweet resignation gently softens our sorrow,
The Gem lost to us is now treasured in Heaven.

That form so endeared we fain would have cherished,
Now resting in weakness—in dreamless repose—
Shall leap from its sleep, when earth shall have perished,
And the glittering trophies of triumph disclose.
She will come! she will come!
Her Heaven to share,
For we could not—we would not,—
But dwell with her there.

EPITAPH.

[Written at the request of his friends, for Rev. S. M. who departed this life in peace, in his 63d year.]

The Casket lies beneath this stone,
That held a Gem of lustre rare—
In which the Christian virtues shone,
Undimmed by sorrow, pain or care.
By men admired; nor men alone,
Attendant Angels deemed it fair—
And bore it to their Master's Throne,
To shine, forever beauteous, there!



EPITAPH.

By faith he endured to the end of his race,
Conquering through meekness and heavenly grace:
His body lies here in this resting place,
Released from sorrow and pain:
His walk was exemplary, godly, sincere,
He lived as a Christian, he died without fear,
And deeply we felt as we laid him down here,
—Our loss was his infinite gain.

TYPES AND SHADOWS.

O! do not ask the pampered lord,
Whose menials wait around,
If empty names can joy afford,
Or peace with pride abound;
In vain he drains the golden cup,
In vain a Kingdom kneels,
If one alone disdains to stoop,
As *Haman* felt, he feels.

Ask not the fear-worn millionare,
Who bartered all for gold,
If bliss with avarice can share,
Or peace be bought and sold;
In vain he would his deeds undo,
In vain his guilt reveals,
A thousand sorrows pierce him through,
As *Judas felt*, he feels.

Ask not the scoffing libertine,
Who glories in his shame,

If peace surrounds his hidden shrine
Or joys attend his fame.
In vain he frequents pleasures well,
Or quaffs the poisonous bowl,
As well seek peace where demons dwell
As in his starless soul.

Ask not the poor backslidden one,
Fallen, alas! from grace,
Ask not if aught but Christ alone
Can former joys replace;
In vain he would at ease appear
In vain his conscience steels.
He often drops the contrite tear—
As *Peter felt*, he feels.

Ask not the gay and giddy throng,
Reckless of future wo—
If e'er they found in dance or song,
Man's dearest boon below.
"My peace I leave" the Saviour spoke,
Not as the world secures—
Take up your cross, accept my yoke,
And rest, and peace, are yours.

Alas! the outward man hath perished,
Yet each fond look and tone is cherished—
Limerick's impress cannot die!

Memory paints him as he was,
When Zion's battlements he trod;
When foremost in his Master's cause,
He meekly bore the Prophets rod;
And at his touch the waters parted,
To which he led the stricken-hearted—
Limerick was a man of God!

Obedient to his Captain's word,
He came from out his watch-tower down;
Entered the vale with shield and sword—
Encountered death without a frown.
He leaned on Jesus—won promotion—
And now beyond Time's turbid Ocean,
Limerick wears the conquerors crown!

Hallowed spot, from which we turn
To buffet life's tempestuous sea,
One humid seal from memory's urn,
We drop o'er what we soon shall be.

Oh! we cannot, would not bring thee here,
Away from thy bright and sinless sphere;
Limerick! lo, we come to thee!

TO MARY.

When sinners would allure,
To Heaven's King repair;
Thou'rt never more secure
Than in the bower of prayer.

When Fashion would beguile,
Oh! shun her winsome art;
For every thoughtless smile
Leaves anguish in the heart.

When sorrows cloudlets lower,
The sacred page unrol;
For in life's darkest hour
Its sunshine cheers the soul.

When earthly friendships break,
Remember Christ's thy friend;

He never will forsake—
But love thee to the end!

When thou art wooed and won,
May grace still keep thee fair;
When blissful years have run,
May joy still banish care.

When thou art old and gray,
And beauty faded all,
May Heaven's purest ray
Still o'er thy pathway fall.

When by Death's billows prest,
Fond friends shall o'er thee weep,
May'st thou on Jesus' breast
E'en gently fall asleep.

And when life's storms are past,
—On Canaan's peaceful shore,—
May you and I at last
E'en meet to part no more!



THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

JANUARY 1ST, 1848.

OUR FATHER, good friends, we clearly discern,
With goodness and love hath crowned the past year—
Hath brought us to greet this morning's return,
With offerings fresh from memory's Urn,
Brilliant and sombre—a smile and a tear;
Gifts for the living, tear-drops for the dead,
And grief for the hours misspent as they sped.

How fleeting is time! A twelvemonth is past.
Thought travels o'er it and o'er it again:
As sunlight it seems with shadows o'er cast—

An exquisite dream, too thrilling to last—
A commingled cup of pleasure and pain:
To the wretched an age, to childhood an hour—
One year is the tithe of humanity's dower.

On last New-Year's morn I strove to excel;
My harp-strings were touched in innocent mirth—
Alas! since that hour, the iron-tongued bell
Hath echoed full oft the funeral knell;
And pleasure hath fled from many a hearth—
Time hath demanded the pledges he gave,
And life's brightest star must set in the grave!

Cold now, and frozen the life-telling tide
That mantled the cheeks and lips we have pressed:—
A West and a Scoles, and others have died—
Have gone to await the Lamb and his Bride—
Have gone to exult in a glorious rest!
From those we love best 'tis meet we should part,
Affliction is food to the sanctified heart.

We part but to meet, if faithful and true;
Divided, thank God, we cannot remain;
Then, let us struggle e'en life's journey through,

And live, day by day, with Heaven in view,
Till called to rejoin our kindred again.
Nor shall we, though lone and desolate left,
Of pleasure, e'en here, be wholly bereft.

This earth shall enshrine the songs of the meek,
Though death lie concealed in a treacherous kiss—
Though tears sully oft the widow's wan cheek,
And anguish forbid the orphan to speak,—
God will conduct them to mansions of bliss.
Hope circles the heart, though tears dim the eye,
As onward in faith we quietly hie.

How fleeting is time! Returnless when flown:—
Nor can we recall a moment once told;
Else few days, I ween, of the year we've known
Would witness at last before the "White Throne"
'Gainst those whose moments for pleasure was sold.
What boots it to win the heart's brighest goal?
What profits the world IF IT RUINS THE SOUL!!

How vain is this world—delusive its joy—
Fleeting its honours, and fickle as fame:

Empires will vanish—a crown is a toy—
Wealth is a bubble—each pleasure will cloy—
Friendship is barren, an unmeaning name.
Oh! love not this world, on any pretext;
Who bows at its shrine must weep in the next.

How fleeting is time! How brief is our race!
And each throbbing pulse approaches the end;—
What are we doing earth's woes to displace?
Are we conquering sin and growing in grace?
Does every thought still heavenward tend,
Or are we at ease, backslidden and cold,
With scarcely a name or a place in the fold?

I would that our hearts with rapture might glow,
Our spirits triumph though tried in the fire,
That we the extremes of goodness might know:
Gentleness, even to friend and to foe,
And joy o'er the death of impure desire.
Oh! give *me* a *heart* from prejudice freed—
Gold to my brother who standeth in need.

Farewell to the Past!! The suns that have set
Will rise not again to illumine our path:

Yet bide we not here in fruitless regret,
While mercy and grace are proffered us yet,
And Heaven withholds His threatening wrath;—
Help, Lord! Oh, help! Our spirits would rise
From darkness and death to a home in the skies!

FATHER OF MERCIES! Oh, bless us with peace,
In Church and in State, at home and abroad;
Let *Warfare*, and strife, and wickedness cease;
Let Zion rejoice; her numbers increase;
'Till the Earth shall reflect the glory of God!
—Thank you!! Ay, *money* will lighten my cares!
—But give, Oh! give me a place in your PRAYERS!!

THE GEM.

Oh! I have felt the witching spell
Of beauty—and admired
The lustrous, lightsome, laughing belle,
In gorgeous dress attired;
With tiny foot, in neat prunèlle,
And cheeks of healthful glow,
Bright ringlets, too, that loosely fell
Down o'er a neck of snow.

I've seen the proud and wealthy one,
Bedecked with diamonds bright
And thought how blest was Fortune's son,
Who sported in their light:
Her jewelled purse was full of gold—
One piece she gave the poor;
I fancied then such wealth untold
Must happiness secure.

I have inhaled the Southern air,
When laden with perfume;
Dark-eyed Donnas, I trow were there
In glittering costume;—

With flowers entwined in glossy curls,
Rich robes of every hue,
All spangled o'er with gems and pearls,
From Earth and Ocean too.

And I have caught the jewels blaze,
From out the bridal wreath;
Revealing still e'en by its rays
Each blush that played beneath.
Rich gems adorn the fair and brave—
There's one more costly still,
Than e'er was brought from Ocean cave,
Or crowned the miner's skill.

The richest Gem I e'er have seen
A Quaker bonnet graced;
Under a hood of drab I ween,
That brilliant gem was placed:
True it adorned a form most fair,
Red lips and sparkling eyes;
Yet, if that Gem had not been there,
Nought else were left to prize.

But oh! that Gem of matchless light
Lit up each native grace,

Encircling, aye, in halos bright,
Her mild expressive face;
I thought the charm would soon be gone,
If but the hood was raised;
Not so indeed it brighter shone
And brightened as I gazed.

Unlike the stars that deck the sky,
This Gem can life impart;
E'en while its rays attracts the eye,
It strangely warms the heart:
It makes the soul with gladness glow,
With love and hallowed song;
And gently bids each passion flow,
In peaceful strains along.

I looked—and loved—as Angels would,
That flit around the Throne—
Not her that wore the velvet hood,—
I loved the Gem alone:
The gold and pearls I'd seen before—
Too oft vain beauty's bliss;
Were rayless all, and vain, and poor,
Were nought compared to this.

Oh! it hath shone on woman's breast,
Its rays on woman's brow;
Long since by saint and seraph blest,
'Tis e'en more beauteous now.
No other gem doth mortal need,
Who will but this secure;
No other is from folly freed
No other will endure.

This priceless Gem through rolling years
Doth still new joys impart;
It consecrates the widow's tears,
And heals the aching heart:
It lights the poor, obscurely fed,
Unknown to wealth or fame,
And glitters o'er the martyrs head,
While passing through the flame.

Earthly trinkets will fade and rust,
This will tarnish never—
Gold will dwindle away to dust
This will glow forever:—
Its brightest rays adorn the gloom
Of deaths cheerless region;

Encircling still the yawning tomb—
This Gem is called RELIGION.

WRITE YOUR NAME.

Man would still live, e'en when sleeping
Amid the ruins of the tomb;
Would leave his name in mortals keeping,
Secured from dread oblivions gloom.
A thousand paths have been explored,
In fruitless search for deathless fame;
A thousand deities adored—
In vain to eternize a name.

Matter mingling atoms ranging,
Volcanoes rending land and sea:
What is stable, firm, unchanging,
Ought terrestrial cannot be!
Nought escapes it, dread mutation,
Envelopes, blights, corrodes with rust;
Marking, marring all creation—
Consigning all to senseless dust.

Where shall mortals, sighing, panting,
For marked distinction, lasting fame;
Where mid scenes that seem enchanting,
Where engrave a glorious name?
Tell me, oh! ye proud aspirants
Where shall your signatures be read;
Where, ye Nobles, Kings, and Tyrants—
When ye are numbered with the dead?

Will you draw the sword aggressive,
Madly carve your way to glory
In support of laws oppressive—
Kill, imprison all before you?
Do not thus, the anguish cherished,
Would blot the proudest name below;
Better far your name had perished,
Than linked in memory with wo!

Wil't to keep your name from drifting,
Aye down Oblivion's tongueless tide,
On some tower its cone uplifting
Engrave it deep on every side?
Alas! Time and Chance conspiring,
Will melt your towers to heaps of sand;

As well watch the waves retiring,
And write it on the beaten-strand.

Will you, when the clouds concealing,
  Write your name on towering rock?
Ah! that mount may soon be reeling,
  'Neath the earthquake's thundering shock!
Write it not on Land or Ocean—
Place, Oh! place your record higher,
Earth presents but strange commotion,
But restless atoms doomed to fire!

Will you mount on Fancy's pinion,
  And castles build in empty air?
High in some ideal dominion,
  Say, will you leave your impress there?
Write your name but not in fiction,
Nay, better sleep unsung, forsooth!
Curse not Hope with contradiction,
Go write it in the Book of Truth.

Hush the widow's deep repining—
  Go, banish anguish from her heart:
Go, where poverty's reclining—
  Hasten your timely aid impart.

Make your way to scenes of mourning,
Even the halls of mirth above:
Go, where sorrow's lamp is burning—
Go, write your name in deeds of Love!

Lift your voice against aggression,
Ay, dare to sow on mercy's wave;
Melt with gentleness, oppression—
Speak kindly to the toil-worn slave:
Hear him groan—from fond ones riven—
And pray: Do thus, oh, Lord to me!
If not thus, petition Heaven—
Stand up the friend of Liberty!

Lend your aid to education—
Uplift her altars high and wide;
Spread her light throughout our Nation,
For light and Freedom are allied.
Go like freemen onward pressing,
Dare to incur the Tyrants scorn;
Link your name with the loud blessing.
Of countless millions yet unborn.

Go, where wine-cups sparkling, flowing,
Pass to lips once used to prayer;

Go, your hearts with goodness glowing,
  Plead like Paul for Temperance there!
Haste, deliver from temptation,
The loved, the true, the learned, the brave,
Lead them out from dissipation,
Go, save them from the drunkard's grave.

Go, where kindred souls are pressing,
  Round Zion's Altar bowing low;
Haste, thy guilt and grief confessing,
  To Mercy's gushing fountain go!
Renounce each baseless, vain pretence,
Vain-glory, fame, ambition, strife;
Go, noiselessly, in penitence—
Write your name in the Book of Life.

Seraph-like, oh, haste! descending,
  E'en to the prisoners dreary cell;
Go, where palsied age is bending;
  Haste death's gathering gloom dispel.
Write, oh! write, for time is flying,
And nearer rolls oblivions sea—
Write, to read when you are dieing
What ye have done was "unto me."

Live for heaven ; others wooing—
By your good works from error's w
Thus your light while truth pursuing,
Shall brighten to the perfect day.
Trust your name to heaven's keeping,
You cannot, will not, sleep unsung ;
After death, your actions speaking,
Shall echo still from tongue to tongue.

Star-like shines the wise forever ;
Omnipotence their light secures ;
God's beloved can perish never—
While immortality endures !
Oh ! then write, where names are chei
In deeds of love, 'twill deathless be—
Deathless, yes, when earth hath perish
'Twill glitter in Eternity.



SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Search the Scriptures—book divine,
Mortals! haste the record scan,
Truth illumines every line—
Mercy stoops to gladden man.
From the streams of dissipation,
Turn we now to taste them never;
At the fount of inspiration
Man may drink, and live forever.

Search the Scriptures—book of wonders,
Erst to Angel minds unknown,
Open now to Sinai's thunder's,
Now to Calvary's stifled groan.
Dreadful conflict hell o'erthrowing;
"It is finished!" blisful word,

See Emmanuel's life-blood flowing,
Quenches now the "flaming sword."

Search the Scriptures—book of beauty,
Standard of pure excellence;—
Strewing e'en the path of duty,
With the gems of eloquence:
Wooing man in strains celestial,
Guarding still from every snare;
Book above all books terrestrial,
Nought with the Bible can compare.

Search the Scriptures—the book of life,
It binds us to the dear-departed;
Precious boon, with blessings rife,—
Look, ye weary, stricken-hearted;
While we weep o'er friends disbanded,
Truth dispels the yielding gloom;
Jesus conquered single-handed,
Opened Heaven through the tomb.

Search the Scriptures—here let Reason,
Plume her wings for lofty flight—
Scan this truth: each rolling season,
Summer, Winter,—Day and Night,—

Seed time, and garnerings great,
And all things come—as man expects,—
Not by Chance, or blind-eyed Fate,
But comes to all as GOD directs.

Search the Scriptures—the rule of faith,
Transcript of our FATHER'S will;
Learn quickly what Jehovah saith,
He will every word fulfil;—
Search and learn to trust the Lord,
Read it o'er and o'er again—
Aught mysterious in his word,
Abraham's God will make it plain.

Search the Scriptures—record of time,
It seats us 'mid the sinless group,
That shouted o'er the scene sublime,
When first the hills were lifted up.
Onward, see on Land and Wave,
Far in dark futurity—
Gabriel stands o'er Nature's grave,
As Time sinks in a deeper sea.

Search the Scriptures—book eternal,
Fountain of immortality—

Reckon it not by aught diurnal,
Its circle is Eternity.
Christ will spread its pages wide,
Before his great white Throne;
By its truths mankind divide—
Divide them by its truths alone.

Search the Scriptures—best book on Earth,
Guide-board to the Mercy-seat:
Blessed book of untold worth,
It lights the weary Pilgrim's feet.
Heaven's Star on Mercy's bow—
Wasteless, cloudless, bright and pure,
Shining alike on all below—
Alike on rich and poor.

Search the Scriptures—book of Heaven,
See every leaf bedewed with love;
Sacred pledge to mortals given—
Pledge of endless bliss above.
The Heathen muse could spread her wings,
And o'er the past with memory roam,
But oh! the blessed Bible sings,
Of brighter glories yet to come.

RESIGNATION.

O'er my pathway hung the bright star of morn,
And I gazed on its brilliant light;
But a cloud passed by on the wild winds borne,—
And the star was hid from my sight.
A thrill swept o'er me—my thoughts were afar,
A mingled thrill of grief and joy;
For, oh! like the light of that morning star—
Was the life of my beauteous boy:
'Twas bright, 'twas joyous, but hasted away,
Passing 'mid clouds to the brightness of day.

On the mountain's brow a floweret grew,
And its soft blushing tints I praised;
'Twas an exotic of delicate hue—
And withered away as I gazed. [wet
Oh! my heart was touched, and my cheeks were
With mingled tears of grief and joy—
For e'en as the bloom of that floweret,
Was the life of my beauteous boy:
'Twas fair, 'twas hopeful, I called it my own,
And wept as it drooped so young and unblown.

A storm rushed by, and the huricane's tread
Shook the homes and hearts of the proud;
The tempest was hushed, and the whirlwind fled—
Mercy's signet circled the cloud.
Oh! I hailed that bow on the tempest's breast,
Arching brightly my buried one,—
From my soul I cried now calm and at rest,
Father! "not mine thy will be done."
In kindness he smiles, recalling his own,
To rescue from pain, exalts to his throne.

Oh! have I one star on Emmanuel's brow,
And could I renounce it, oh! no!
Or have I one flower in Paradise now;—
I would not transplant it below.
What though his warblings no longer I hear?
Nor can caress my beauteous boy—
An Angel he sings in a sinless sphere,
Where blights come not, nor storms destroy.
'Tis meet I cannot, I will not deplore;
If earth has one less, sure Heaven one more.

STANZAS.

Vain are all things here below—
  Transient, frail and flying;
Pleasures hang o'er streams of woe,
  All that lives, is dieing.
Onward to the shrouded bourne,
  We are swiftly hurried;
Long since in memory's urn,
  Childhood's hopes were buried.

See the friends of riper years,
  One by one forsaking;
'Neath affection's deep-wrung tears,
  Life's dearest ties are breaking.
Ah! our pathway here is strown—
  Thickly strown with sorrow;
Here what little bliss is known,
  Mortals have to borrow.

Vain earth's gilded drapery!
  Vain each earthly pleasure—

Wealth and wretchedness agree–
Grief with golden treasure.
Hope corroding aye with fears,
Ties untimely riven—
Anguish marks, with sighs and t
E'en the way to Heaven.

Yet, we'll praise the Lord on hi
He will still watch o'er us,—
Wipe the tears from every eye,
In that land before us:—
Grief comes not there—pleasure
Ceaselessly to cheer us,
And the friends we loved below,
Ever shall be near us.



THE ROBIN'S SONG.

Pretty Robin cease to sing, my heart,
Thou makest to ache within me, thy trill,
Awakes the thoughts of former years, which start,
From memory's urn with saddening thrill.
Go to thy nest in the hedge, thy song,
At eve, is gay and cheerful, but, Oh!
t quickly brings my spirit round, a throng
Of youthful joys long since drowned in wo;
o to thy nest pretty Robin, go!

bin, cease to sing, oh, cease, big tears,
'hou bringest o'er my pale cheek! the spot,

Where life's spring-time fled from me, appe
All the charms that girt my native Cot.
I remember well our home, hard by,
There stood a stately Hawthorn, in May,
T'was gemmed with white blossoms, and hi
On its boughs the Robin sung her lay ;
Oh, cease pretty songster, fly away !

Beneath that old Hawthorn tree, is laid,
E'en the good and beautiful, who wove,
Friendship's virgin wreath for me, and stray
Oft with me through mead and leafy grov
Oh ! how happy were we then, than we,
No Robin could be more blithe, beside
The brook, we culled wild flowers, as free,
As the sparkling stream that onward hied.
Sing pretty Robin, I dare not chide !

Robin, once thy song was dear, I trow,
E'er estrangement pierced my heart, e'er
The rose-hue fled from my cheek, but now,
Each note brings, to me, but fond regret.
Had'st thou ne'er sung by the grave, where sl
In peace, my youthful playmates, I'd fling

My casement wide to hear thee, nor weep,
Yet thou'rt Heaven's harbinger of spring,
Tis meet, sing on pretty Robin, Sing!

MESSIAH WILL REIGN.

Messiah will reign,
Despite all his foes;
Though heathen's complain.
And sceptics oppose.
His mandates are fraught,
With gladness and peace;
His Kingdom blood-bought
Must ever increase—
Must ever increase.

Messiah will reign,
Beneath and above;
Opposers are vain—
His sceptre is Love!
He traces their path,

Encircles their ways,
And twines with their wrath,
A garland of praise—
A garland of praise.

Messiah will reign,
His subjects to bless,
To soften each pain,
Each wrong to redress;
To shield from the blast,
The feeble and old,
And give them at last,
A heavenly fold—
A heavenly fold.

Messiah will reign!
His truth to defend—
On Land, on the Main,
His Servants attend.
Though dangers beset,
Exciting despair:
Oh! never forget,
That Jesus is there—
That Jesus is there.

Messiah will reign!
Let earth shout and sing,
The Lamb that was slain
Is our mighty King.
Eternal his throne—
His triumph complete—
Even death sinks down,
A slave at his feet—
A slave at his feet.

Messiah will reign,
Omnipotent Lord!
The wicked enchain,
The righteous reward:
Descend from on high,
With Angels and flame,
To banish for aye,
Who trust not his name—
Who trust not his name.

Messiah will reign;
Though sung oft before,
Shall echo again,
On Jordan's far-shore:

Sinners forgiven!
Prolong the glad strain,
Shout Earth and Heaven,
Messiah will reign!
Messiah will reign!

THE TORCH-LIGHT STUDENT.

All day he toils, poor lonely one,
No parents smile to cheer him;
And when his daily task is done
He draws his torch-light near him.
From shell-bark strip'd,
And dry hedge clip'd,
A bunch of ends and odds—
And thus till late,
With book and slate,
His way untutored plods.

Hard is the lot of that poor boy,
And dark the cloudlets o'er him;
No home has he, nor homestead joy,
Nor heritage before him;

No mothers prayer,
To soothe his care
Nor fathers evening smile;
Yet still each night
By that torch-light
He studies hard the while.

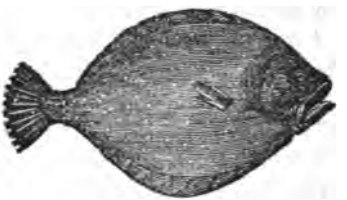
'Tis his to win by sweat and toil
What fortune has denied him;
To urge his way through earth's turmoil
Though ease or pain betide him,
At hoe or plough,
His sun-burnt brow,
Is ever prest with thought;
Nor burns each night
That shell-bark light,
Nor reads he there for nought.

The fountain touched, the thirst for more,
Where'er he goes, pursues him,
To deeper draughts of classic lore
The blue-eyed goddess woos him.
To wisdom's stream,
In midnight dream,

She leads the fancied flight;
Enshrine's each thought,
And problem wrought,
By that dim shell-bark light.

But years have fled, that orphan's home
Is girt with friends that love him;
His name is graved on Fame's bright dome,
Where few may write above him.
'Mid patriot bands,
Self-taught he stands,
Endowed with giant might;
Nor blushes now,
To tell e'en how
He learned by shell-bark light.

Let college *boobies* wag the head,
(Affecting to despise them)
At all who are not College-bred
And strive to ostracise them.
Those who at School,
Have learned by rule,
With gold some knowledge bought:
If good and wise,
Will justly prize
The Scholar, though *self-taught*.



THE FISHPOND.

This world's a spacious fishpond,
Filled up with fins and scales;
There's fish of every size and form,
From Minnows up to Whales:
Each *Monster* has his home, Sir,
In Country, Vill, or Town;
Yet oft in shoals they roam, Sir,
To gulph the "*Small fry*" down.

There's surely room for each fish,
Life's pleasure to enjoy;
But, forsooth, their object seems
Each other to destroy—

You see them on the run, Sir,
Engaged in mortal strife;
The *Large*—for food and fun, Sir,
The *Small ones*—for their life.

There are white fish and black fish,
And speckled fish and blue;
And shell-fish and scaly-fish,
And Alligators too—
With Turtles here and there, Sir,
That Snap with all their powers;
All kinds of fish there are, Sir,
In this big pond of ours.

The Parson is a tough fish,
(Except when very young,)
And those who praise him loudest,
Esteem him for his *tongue*.
The Doctor is a "*Bass*", Sir,
A *Bony* fish is he—
You'll see without a glass Sir
The fin they call the "*Fee*!"

The Lawyer is a cute Fish,
A kind of "Spotted Gar,"

He loves the muddy water,
And fattens at the "*Bar*:"
Wo unto the "green-one," Sir,
That plays with "Garry's" gill;
Who that ever seen one, Sir,
Can e'er forget his "*Bill*."

And the Merchant is a shad,
That runs but twice a year;
And to us Western mongers
This fish is—*good and dear*.
The Usurer's a Shark, Sir,
The Tyrant of the Pond:
You'll know him in the dark, Sir,
He's always crying "*Bond*!"

The Loafers, Sir, are Herrings,
That shoal it off by scores;
They hang round public corners,
And throng the tavern doors.
The Mayor is a Whale, Sir,
Much valued for his grease;
There's terror in his tail, Sir,
(I mean the armed Police!)

The Poet's a Waterwitch,
That lives on fancy's breath;
Where one survives through nine moons
Fifteen, will starve to death.
The Novellist has no name, Sir,
A thing all head and legs;
He flounders on for fame, Sir,
And vomits up his eggs.

The Bigot is a Shell-fish,
But little known indeed;
The thing lives—but for itself,—
Shut up within its Creed:
The Hypocrite's an Eel, Sir,
Extremely hard to take,
He'll through your fingers steal, Sir,
And "go it" like a Snake!

And mark the Office-Seeker!
A fish renowned in Song—
When unlucky at the Polls,
His face grows wondrous long;
His lower jaw extends, Sir,
His mouth assumes a pucker—

He's called by foe and friends, Sir,
'The "*Dug*" or *Done-up Sucker*!

The Bachelor's an ODD FISH,
I dare not tell a fib—
The thing has scales and bones too
But never once a "*Rib*."
The Dandy is a *Shrimp*, Sir,
A thing of curious Shape
And once the Printers imp, Sir,
Mistook it for an Ape.

Sure Old Zachey is a Pike,
(Excellent when tender;)
But he smashes *spears* and *lines*
He "*Never will surrender*!!"
And Santa Ann's a Crab, Sir,
An ugly fish to find,
That *backs from out his Cab*, Sir,
And leaves a *limb* behind!

The Miser is a nondescript,
Of worse than little worth;
The quaintest looking creature,
In Ocean, Air, or Earth.

I could sing of Chubs too, Sir,
And all the scaly train;
But surely this will do, Sir,
Until we meet again.

Death's a sturdy fisherman,
His net we cannot leap;
He lays his victims quickly,
In one promiscuous heap.
Six thousand years or more, Sir,
Has death his tackle plied;
He drags them to the shore, Sir,
For others to divide.

Not much we know while living
About the finny race;
But after death shall Angels
Assign each fish his place—
Shall place them in the light, Sir,
Of every gloss bereft—
The Good ones on the Right, Sir,
The *Tadpoles*—on the *left!*

MY UNCLE.

How good my Uncle seems to be;
  How very self-denying!—
From every evil thing so free,
  E'en scandal's shafts defying.
You may be wrong, He's always right—
  For aye the good pursuing;
Whate'er he does, by day or night,
  He dreams not of undoing.

He sings and prays, and lives by rule;
  By rule, cooks Calf or Pigeon:
As children con A. B. at School,
  My Uncle learned religion—
Learned each duty, great and small
  The outward man attiring—
The *form* with him was all in all,
  The *power* not worth acquiring.

He dogs his tenants for the rent,
  His honest dues securing;

And pays his stipends to a cent,
The Pastor's tithe insuring
But should the Preacher doff his "black"
In blue or brown appearing;
Or venture forth in *buttoned sack*,
He's done with Uncle's *gearing*.

My Uncle shuns the poor that plead,
As some disease contagious;
To give for aught beyond his creed,
He always deemed outrageous.
He borrows not, nor does he lend,
My Uncle's independent—
Nor has he in this world a friend,
Whose purse is not *ascendant*.

My Uncle dreads the Temperance Cause,
Much more than morning bitters;
Goes in he says for Nature's laws,
For Toddy, Toast and Flitters!
But could your hear—I know you'd laugh—
My Uncle's *Scienced* frightening,
So much he fears the Telegraph
Will smash the world with lightning.

Railroads, Canals, or swinging-bed,
His best friends dare not mention;
And oh, he has an inward dread!
Of each new-born invention.
He oft declares these patent plans
Are worthless—all delusion—
Emblems, pass-words and secret clans,
Are horrible confusion!

They say my Uncle has his foes—
I know he has his failing;
But, grace perhaps, may conquer those,
—This, Wealth is fast curtailing.
For Mammon warps, and wins, and weds,
Weds despite disparity—
And hides more sin, and sinners heads,
More, by far, than Charity.

My Uncle is, to tell the the truth,
A man of wondrous knowledge;
For in the palmy days of youth,
He went three weeks to College!
Where he may go, I dare not guess,
When life's frail ties are riven;

I wish him here much happiness,
And hope he'll get to Heaven!

THE UPPER-CRUST.

"Get out of the way," said he of the "Tub,"
In an angry mood, to Macedon's cub:
Get out of the way, let the Muse repeat,
While we take a few notes just here in the street.
There's the Empiric, with vial and pill,
The grave-digger's blessing follows him still!
Lawyer and client! how friendly they go—
The former to wealth, the latter to woe!
And here comes the merchant's cheap, under clerk;
Mark how he hies, with a hop, step and jerk.
Get out of the way and let them all pass,
For here I would sketch a different class,
My foot on the curb, my arm on this post,
I've nothing to do with the common host.
Lo! yonder they come: and note them I must,
The *brilliants* that shine in the Upper-Crust.

Get out of the way, for that *nice* young man,
With the white kid gloves and slim rattan:
See! yonder he comes from 'Broadway' to 'Third,'
The song of his soul is: "aint I a bird!"
Like a dancing master he looks and feels—
His item of brains is lodged in his heels.
The pavement excites his sensitive nerve,
And he bows and scrapes with a graceful curve,
He lovingly twirls his dapple "goat-tee,"
And his high-toned hobby is— "Yes-sir-ree."
Get out of the way for the *dear* young man,
You see he's coming as fast as he can:
Poor fellow perhaps he's cutting dirt,
To the suburbs now for his other shirt—
There's a rout to-night and be there he must,
He's one of the *B, hoys* of the Upper-Crust.

Get out of the way, for the burnished belle,
With the silken robe and the light prunelle—
See yonder she comes with a perfect rush!
And her gaudy garb makes the peacock blush!
She's trapping for beaux with her quizzing-glass;
Smiling her sweetest on each as they pass.
The *rouge* is too thick on her cheek I trow;

A sprinkle too much of flour on the brow;
Those beautiful curls were clipped from the dead,
And her teeth's tied in with a rusty thread.
Get out of the way, for the dashing Belle!
'Tis spring-time now and she's cutting a swell.
Her pedigree runs to the "Ancient Celts,"
And she frequently lisps—"*I'm nothing else.*"
She pays for her snuff for rub she must—
She's a big heiress of the Upper-Crust!

Get out of the way, for the man in blue,
With the rainbow nose and the powdered cue;
See yonder he comes with a "fair unknown,"
His heart is as black as the Devil's throne—
A libertine base that boasts of his shame,
Yet wealth has won him an honourable name,
He laughs o'er the tears his victims have shed,
And dreams that his crimes repose with the dead.
His serpent-like grin and fiendish art—
Has shrouded in gloom full many a heart.
Get out of the way, for the man in blue!
Gold and impudence will cary him through.
The world looks on with its chaffy smile,
And old Satan waits for his prey the while:

Nor grunts as he waits for get him he must
He's a *rusty blade* of the Upper-Crust!

Get out of the way, for that coach and four,
With the dragon's head on the panel-door—
That big lump of mortality within,
With the little gray eyes and greasy chin,
Was raised somehow by a fortunate fall,
To a Millionaire from Jack-in-the-hall!!
He looks somewhat in his dignity drest,
As a tumble-bug would in an eagle's nest.
He's reading the news and spells as he goes;
Nor knows he the odds 'tween poem and prose!
Get out of the way, and let the coach pass;
Yet less than two span might sure pull an Ass:
He's reading the news, and dreaming of fame;
The *dear* people rally round his good name.
"I'm in for it now," he whispers aloud,
And knowingly smiles on the gaping crowd.
He's up for Congress, and go there he must,
He's a *party-tool* in the Upper-Crust.

Get out of the way, for him in the Cab,
With the wolf-like phiz and fist of a crab;

You see by his eyes and twist of his lip,
That his hide-bound soul is less than a "fi
His daughters are taught to despise the po
To court in French, and squeak "Rory O-M
To prize their suitors by broad-cloth and "c
Mechanics they shun as creatures that stin
Get out of the way, let the Cab-man by,
He's a church-member where pews rent h
He snores off his sins in a cushioned seat,
Where none but the rich and the dough-face
His language and law has long since denie
A soul to the slave—that lingers outside,
The poor he contemns, and crush them he
He's a stiff-necked saint in the Upper-Cru

Get out of the way, for my name is "Hair
Man is a riddle that troubles one's brains-
I'm constrained to laugh when I'd rather c
The half-formed smile meets a tear in the
While children imbibe the follies of age,
Those scenes will abide on the world's wid
While juveniles learn, from matrons demu
Lines of distinction 'twixt the rich and the
From breech-cloth and bib the Nabob will

To life's busy scenes—a despot in heart!
Get out of the way, the dinner-bell's tone
Calls some to rich fare and some to shin-bone;
I'll fold up my notes and haste to my room,
At some future time my task to resume.
I cannot refrain, for sketch them I must,
Those *brilliants* that shine in the Upper-Crust!



LIVE NOT FOR SELF ALONE.

Who would not shun a cheerless heart,
With selfishness o'ergrown,
In which no kind emotions start,
Nor sympathy is known.
'Twere better never life to know,
Than sow for self and reap but woe!

Who would not quell a brothers fears,
Or smile on others weal;
Apply the balm though steeped in tears,
Another's woe to heal:
When he that cheers where anguish burned,
Shall feel a four-fold bliss returned.

There's not a gem beneath the wave,
Nor pebble on the strand,
Nor crystal-drop in mountain cave,
Nor rock nor grain of sand;
But forms a link in nature's chain,
Gives joy to life or cancels pain.

The moon and stars that shine above,
The worm to earth confined ;
The desert-waste and leafy grove,
Have each their end assigned.
And fog-clouds drop their fatness still,
O'er field and wood o'er vale and hill.

The dew-drop glitters on the flower
To nurse its vernal bloom,
And zephyrs come from glen and bower
All freighted with perfume :
Cloudlet, floweret, dew-drop and breeze,
Would thus instruct e'en while they please.

Shall man in selfishness persist,
'Mid blessings hourly strown ?
Shall he for whom e'en worlds subsist,
Live for himself alone ?
No, let us fling our joys abroad,
And thus be like our Father, God !

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Warm is the love we feel,
For true and faithful friends,
Whose wishes for our weal
All selfishness transcends.
Yet cold neglect may blast
The fruit of former years—
The bliss of friendships past,
Be drowned in fruitless tears.

Deep is the love, I trow,
And pure as virgin snow,
When vow meets murmured vow
In hope's extatic glow.
Yet trifles light as air,
May turn the tide of fate,
And those who lovers were
May even learn to hate.

Strong is the love that binds,
In wedlock, heart to heart;
Uniting kindred minds,
That would not, should not part.

That should not part, I ween,
Earth's canopy beneath;
Yet such have parted been—
Have crushed the bridal wreath,

Warm are the hearts that share
The light of friendship's sun—
Strong is the love they bear
Whose pulses beat as one.
One heart alone than this
Doth stronger love conceal,
And deeper, purer bliss,
One heart alone can feel.

Though fickle fancy turns
From pledges soon forgot,
One altar ever burns,
One spirit changeth not.
Though time and chance may wrench
Love's cup from lips that smiled,
But death alone can quench
The MOTHER's for her *Child*.



SPRING.

'Tis Spring—she hastes to inspire,
Hearts that were languid before;
She comes with her feathered choir
To sing by the Cottage door.
Aroused by her gentle tread,
The buds come out on the trees,
Flowerets peep out from their bed,
Fanned by the life-telling breeze.

The unstabled herds pursue,
Their way to the mead below,
To roam the pasturage through,
Where rills from the mountain flow ;
The farmer turns o'er the glebe,
In grateful prospect of gain ;
The milkmaid, beauteous as Hebe,
Smiles on her favorite swain.

Spring comes—our cares to beguile,—
Woos us to banquets of bliss,—
On winter's captives to smile,
To melt each bond with a kiss ;
The streamlet hums its wee song,
Right glad once more to be free,
The river dashes along,—
Like a race-horse—toward the sea.

See ! Earth begins to unfold,
Her beauteous carpet deep-dyed,
Blending her purple and gold,
O'er valley and broad hill-side ;
How bright is her ceiling of blue,
Through silver-edged clouds 'tis seen,

Her fields are furnished anew,
Her woods are mantled in green.

The air is rich with perfume,
The orchards handsomely drest,
Resembling, now in their bloom,
Flakes of spray on Ocean's breast.
The Robin hops o'er the plain,
Or sings on the Hazel-bush;
And the Turtle's touching strain
Blends with the trill of the Thrush.

Spring comes—Earth's charms to enhance
To set her bow in the cloud—
Creation starts up from her trance,
And doffs her winter-wove shroud;—
Beneath, life springs from the ground,
Light from the regions above;
Beauty, and fragrance, and sound,
Witness the season of Love!

Let Autumn her fruit display;
Dearer are spring's fleeting hours,
When forest-birds sing by day,
And midnight waters her flowers;

Spring tells of childhood I ween,
The hopes and visions of youth;
Autumn of what we have seen,
Sketched by the pencil of truth!

Spring comes—with her balmy breath,
Our hearts with hope to inspire;
Man o'er the winter of death,
Shall strike the heaven-tuned lyre;
As Lilachs burst forth in bloom,
As seedlings break through the sod,
Shall mortals start from the tomb,—
Raised by the mandate of God!



LIFE IS SWEET.

Who but feels that life is sweet?
Though uncertain; short and fleet,—
Though heart and flesh shall perish!
E'en while the waning pulses beat,
The waning tide we cherish.

Life is sweet though hidden tears,
Embalm the hopes of former years,
And tinge the bliss we borrow:
Yet faith dispels our needless fears,
And sanctifies our sorrow.

What though beauty lose its bloom
And loved ones moulder in the tomb,
And friendship's wreath be broken?
Still life is sweet, athwart the gloom—
Hope flings her cheering token.

Who but feels, despite the woe,
Despite the toils and cares we know,
Life is a pleasing story?—
Wisdom's pathway here below,
Leads upward e'en to Glory.

Life is sweet! though born to die,
Doomed in the silent grave to lie,
Till earth's last tie be riven;
From flesh released the soul shall fly
To kindred souls in Heaven.

TRIBUTARY LINES,

IN MEMORY OF MRSS. V. D.

I knew her when a child, 'ere yet
Her heart retained a care,
Oft in the Sabbath-school we met,
Together knelt in prayer.
Oh! she was winsome then, her mind
Seemed early to mature,
For earth than heaven less designed,
So noble and so pure.

Then she was beautiful, e'en now
I see that large blue eye;
The silken lash, expansive brow
And cheek of roseate dye;

And she possessed that nameless grace
Which beautifies the whole,
The charm that pictures on the face
The feelings of the soul.

Where aught of pain or anguish preyed,
Her sympathy was shown;
Not feigned—but real, and always made
Another's woe her own.
Who'eer she honoured as a friend,
Could Friendship's sweets disclose.
With kindred souls her own could blend
As dew-drops on the rose.

I knew her when a child, in glee
Her laugh rang soft and clear,
When oft her fingers pressed the key
A Parent's heart to cheer.
When hope could every fear expel,
And gild the world before,
When life's unclouded sunlight fell
Her thornless pathway o'er.

Long years have intervened since then,
Estranging as they sped,

Nor saw I that sweet child again,
Till she was won and wed.
She stood her chosen-one beside,
A beauteous, fragile flower,
Expressive sweetness crowned the Bride,
As erst in Childhood's hour.

As Ivy round its pillar wreathed,
New beauties to impart,
To him each secret thought was breathed,
The guardian of her heart.
'Twere vain to paint the joys that filled
Their hearts, unmixed with fear,
The blissful, bounding hope that thrilled,
The pulse of future years.

How fleet the joys of mundane birth,
That beauteous flower is crushed,
How frail the fondest ties of earth,
That gladsome voice is hushed.
The storm is past, and hope is fled
Obscured in darkening cloud,
Virginia sleeps now with the dead,
Enwrapped in spotless shroud.

Alas! that death should thus invade
The sphere affection gave,
Alas! that beauty should be laid
Thus early in the grave.
Yet since, VIRGINIA! 'twas not thine
To linger with us here,
Thine image must, in memory's shrine,
Beneath affection's tear!

THE INVALID'S SOLILOQUY.

Oh! why am I daily enshrouded in gloom,
My senses averse to their duty?
E'en now, when the tulip is bursting in bloom,
The forest's arrayed in their beauty.
The song of the wild-bird excites me to tears,
Though carolled at morn ne'er so gaily;
And life's brilliant halo now seldom appears
That was wont to circle me daily.
Nor beauty, nor fragrance, nor song can dispel
The clouds that encompass my lone spirits cel

Nor landscape, nor City, can pleasure impart;
In vain nature smiles on me brightly—
'Mid beauty and gladness still heavy's my heart,
Though others seem aye to beat lightly.
No comfort I gather from memory's urn—
Her long-buried pleasures look grimly;
And if to the future in sadness I turn,
E'en hope sheds her rays on me dimly.
If friendship with rapture my bosom would thrill,
Oblivions dark waters encircle me still.

The galley slave whistles when chained to the oar,
And hope bids him often look cheerly;
The exile can smile on the wilderness shore,
Though sundered from all he loves dearly.
And I should be cheerful, nor cherish desire,
Should trust in Omnipotence, surely.
Oh! that my spirit as gold tried in the fire,
Could rest in affliction securely,
And feel that it leads me o'er times turbid sea,
To glory eternal, unbounded and free!



TO THE NEWLY MARRIED.

[Written impromptu on marrying three coup in one day.]

As vow meets vow,
Around each brow,
Doth gladness now,
Her brightest chaplet twine ;
Their months and years,
And smiles and tears,
And hopes and fears,
Are blent in Love's pure shrine.

If friends depart,
And sorrows start,
May each fond heart
Abide in gladsome tune :

Each happy pair,
Despite grim care,
Unwearied share
A *long*, LONG Honeymoon!

LOVE THY BROTHER.

["And this commandment have we from him, that he that loveth God, love his brother also." BIBLE.]

That LOVE dwelt in Eden with Innocence long,
Is now blazoned in Creeds, and woven in song;
Indeed 'tis asserted—to gladden our race,
Somewhere on this Planet she still has a place.
Some claim her acquaintance and say they have knelt,
Oft times at Love's Altar—her influence felt;
Some boast to have seen her in humble disguise,
And some in the mantle she wore from the skies;
This report hath obtained with many as true,
While others are troubled with doubts not a few:
They doubt not, they cannot, that Eden was blest
Unsullied the bowers our foreparents prest!

They doubt not, they dare not, the truth fron above
That men may encircle the Altar of Love.
Nay the doubts which exist, exist as to such
Who perform but little—profess very much—
The world doubts the visions of those men indeed,
Who were ne'er led by Love beyond their own
Creed;
His profession though loud, the world disbeleives,
Who ne'er had a brother that fell among theives.

Of Love's parentage, birth, and mansions on high,
Very few can say aught, yet none will deny
That she lives, and oft flings o'er this world's
turmoil.
Her heavenly odors and Eden-like oil:—
The Stoic says, Love had in heaven her birth,
And to bless man's estate, she came down to earth;
Not in raptures and flames; but, gentle and still—
Her handmaid is Reason, her counsel the will.
While Pelagians declare 'tis man's happy dower,
To dwell with Love now, as in earth's natal hour;
As man was created, say they, he is now—
Not a stain on his heart, nor frown on his brow.
Hark! from Picardy's plain the tidings, forsooth,

That Love's friends were enrolled long since in
her youth,
With them she inhabits the mountains of grace,
Consigning the balance to Mercy's embrace.
The friends of Arminius believe and declare,
A storm swept the Garden—the tempter was there,
Love fled for a season away to her home;
And young Innocence died, leaving man to roam;
An outcast from Eden, poor, naked, and blind;
While death claimed his body, and darkness the
mind.
He went forth to labour, to till a cursed soil,
And to earn what he eat in sweating and toil.
He went forth to labour, mid sorrow and strife,
While the wind and the stream with pestilence rife
Were in league with the beasts in hostile array,
And Man once the Monarch's, a victim of prey.
Quickly Mercy came down with heaven's bright
scroll!
A shield for man's body, a balm for the soul—
And bent o'er his pathway her aid to impart,
Till Love, on conditions, again ruled his heart.
E'en thus do Arminians all mankind embrace,
Extolling with gladness the gift of free grace;

Which, say they, from earth's verge to its centre
flows,
To the whole human race Love proffers repose.

Small cause for contention, for hatred much less,
Are the one-sided views of Christendom's dress.
The throat of the bigot, or religious clown,
May contract at a gnat, and camels gulp down.
The man of *one idea* may walk forth in pride,
With cloak-like profession to deck the outside.
The anti-reformer, in Grandfather's coat,
Lose the beam in his eye in search of a mote.
Let each, where he chooses, his offering bring;
To childhood's Altar tenaciously cling—
'Tis not that we differ in forms and in Creeds,
That Truth is retarded, and Piety bleeds,
For as leaven concealed deep down in the bowl,
Love could make of these parts one glorious whole.
But when Sect against Sect with rigour contends
When pride with devotion ostensibly blends,
Then is Piety stab'd amid her own friends.
Was Bigotry banished, each barrier riven,
Old Prejudice and Pride to Erebus driven;

Could Christians unite on one common platform
To win the poor Heathen ; the world to reform,
To build the waste places, and Zion enclose,
How soon would the desert e'en bloom as the rose.
The banner of Union once fairly unfurled,
How soon would that banner float over the world;
How soon would the wailings of wickedness cease,
And sectarians surround one Altar in peace.

Sure Religion's a tree, and faith forms the stock,
Her summit in Heaven, her base on a rock.
And what if opinions like branches should cast
A tremulous shade o'er the dark moral waste ?
And what though we differ in external forms
Should that fill this Planet with christian-wrought
storms ?
Should that mar our efforts for the general good,
Or keep us from loving as Christian-men should ?
What though some of us choose with hat-covered
brow;
To worship in silence and breathe out a vow :
We should not thus rashly declare it all wrong ;
Our eyes may be feeble--the light may be strong—
What though some of us stand erect on our feet!

To implore and give thanks at the mercy-seat;
And some very gravely one long hour devote
To reading petitions, some person else wrote,
And some kneel demurely in Church or elsewhere,
Approaching their Father e'en humbly in prayer,
These Daniel's example may wish still to trace
Or the Saviours, perhaps, in Gethsemane's place.
Albeit we may differ—discard all abuse—
And grant to each Brother a scriptural excuse.
If in things essential we strictly agree,
If as figuratively shown; Religion's a tree,
Sure opinions outside may harmlessly lie—
While the heart remains sound, the tree cannot die.
Let Love like the spring-sap unceasingly roll
To beautify, strengthen, and cherish the whole:
Soon, soon would it shelter the world of mankind,
And challenge the tributes of Nations combined:
Soon would Seraph with Saint rich anthems prolong,
And Heaven reecho e'en earth's sweetest song.

To the Beauty of Earth from the distant Isles,
The Nations are flocking to greet her with smiles.
And shall Christians repulse with coldness and strife

The beings approaching the fountain of life?
Shall we leave the Pagan in league with his stocks;
To goad with reproaches the friends of George Fox?
If silent devotions explode in a shout—
Should the lovers of peace—exclaim, turn him out!
If Arminians believe that man has a will,
Should Calvanist's brand them as heretics still?
Shall we forsake the weak to cope with the great,
And sully our armour in bitter debate?
Too often the Watchmen have harnessed their joints,
Too oft beat the air o'er the simple *five points*;
Intellectual giants contested this field—
Let Pigmies no longer their tomahawks wield,
Like moles they but burrow the top of the ground,
Grovelling in darkness to canker the wound.
Too long have we harbor'd the spectre of schism,
Quarrelling over forms and modes of baptism;
Contending for trifles, and looking cross-eyed,
Each at the other as though these should divide;
As though Pilgrims, if found in different roads,
Should now and forever have distinct abodes.

As if all human ties were hopelessly riven,
And to think for ourselves a curse unforgiven.
As if none but *our Sect* could raise from the fall,
Nor could they, nor would they, reach heaven at all.

A fig for opinions! the choice of a name—
If Love's precepts we learn and practice the same,
Practise untrammelled, by party or kin,
E'en loving the sinner, while hating the sin.
Embracing all mankind, good, bad, even those
Who could brandish the torch, or argue with blows.
Ay, Love prompts even this and how shall we pride
Ourselves that we are not with others allied.
Divisions in theory are harmless in song;
By a different rule we multiply wrong.
By casting up evils, intended never,
By false suppositions, *minus love*, ever;
This is Satan's own rule, for darkness designed,
Which sours the affections, envenoms the mind;
By this rule the Priest wrought and passed on alone,
Nor heeded a moment the wounded man's moan.

Love hopeth, endureth, and still she is kind;
But Bigotry's childish, and Prejudice blind.
Yet there are the spirits which ever sow strife,
Discord and hatred by the fountain of life.
All Christians are brethren, of this we feel sure,
Though learned or illiterate, though wealthy or poor.
Our hopes are all grounded on God's holy word,
By one faith united in one common Lord.
Very soon must we all in mother earth lay,
Oh! then let us quarrel no more by the way.
Behold Nature's movements, no discord is there,
All is harmony, through earth, ocean, air,
Inanimate atoms can closely unite,
Planets in harmony commingle their light.
Nor does the Sun regard the Stars with disdain,
Nor envy Queen Cynthia her silvery train.
All the rivers of earth are separately known,
Yet in old ocean's bed, united in one.
Even thus shall it be with heaven's bright host—
All earthly distinctions in Heaven are lost.
Through the bright pearly gates unchecked by respect,
To colour, condition, or kindred, or sect.

The holy shall enter—the holy alone—
And their thoughts and their joys shall ever be one.
Hypocrites, infidels, and liars must go,
With devils to welter in regions of wo—
Who did not, who *would not*, obey heaven's voice,
E'en Justice assigns them the home of their choice.
Then who are false Teachers, but they who undo,
By their practice, the good they hold up to view,
Who while marking one path another pursue?
Who but those who declare their prompter is Love,
And yet suffer their works, their words to disprove?
The world uninstructed in moral fractions,
Looks ever for truth in the Theorits' actions.
And how can the Nations be charmed with the truth,
While Christians walk crooked, and quarrel forsooth?
Religion's a gem, let us guard it with care;
A plant that will flourish if fostered by prayer.
'Tis a tree that bears fruit for mansions above,
And its root, and its stem, its blossom *is* Love

But while o'er its branches sage Doctors dispute,
Will the World from the tree plucks two kinds
of fruit,

REASON'S TESTIMONY.

How can it be a living man,
Should dare to doubt One Great First Cause?
Should doubt though blest with powers to scan
The Universe, and Nature's laws?
Alas! some glory e'en in the name,
Of Infidel, and still employ
Their boasted strength but to defame,
The Christian's God—his source of joy.

Oh! Sceptic cast thine eyes abroad:
There's folly, madness, in thy choice:
Abandon chance, acknowledge GOD,
Be nobly won by Reason's voice.
True to the uncreated mind,—
Reason leads where light and truth absorb,
And speaks to man as HE designed,
From Ocean's wave and rolling Orb.

Behold the vast unbroken chain;
Of countless worlds, hung far beyond,
Where Lira leads her brilliant train,
Or Arcturus smiles on Orion.
Deep answers deep in tones sublime,
That echo still through earth and air;
And Light, and Heat, and measured Time,
One GREAT ETERNAL CAUSE declare.

Descend from dread, unbounded space,
To earth, where living millions move,
For Reason points from every place,
To HIM the fount of life and love.
Each trembling leaf the Seasons bring,
Is e'en a world with beings rife;
And every drop in rill or spring,
Unmarked by man, abounds with life.

In fosterd germs o'er hill and plain,
Upstarting through the yielding sod;
In summer sheen, in waving grain,
In all things, trace the power of GOD.
His attributes are shadowed forth,
On all the labour of his hand;

On icebergs high, far in the North,
On Afric's hot and sterile sands.

Oh! Sceptic mark the lightnings flash;
Hear the thunder's deafening peal;
Canst thou amid the whirlwind's crash,
Disclaim a GOD, nor guilty feel?
See the mighty maddening Ocean,
Raving idly in fearful form;
Hark! from out the wild commotion,
Hear Reason cry—GOD rules the storm.

His footsteps in the Sea we find,
His impress hail throughout the Land,
The elements obey his mind—
Are but the troops of his command.
On storm-sped cloud, JEHOVAH rides,
To victory and bloodless peace;
And Deep from Deep He still divides,
And will divide till time shall cease.

Reason points out a GREAT FIRST CAUSE.
Heard, felt, tasted, seen, everywhere—
In Nature's wheels, in moral laws,
Where e'er we turn still GOD is there.

Fixed are his Laws, who disregard,
Must e'en the penalty sustain,
The virtuous will obtain reward,
The vicious pierce their souls with pain.

JEHOVAH rules this lower world,
Though nought is seen but human hand,
Kings and Kingdoms are downward hurled,
Or spring to life at his command;
'Tis HE that breaks the battle-bow
Or firmly nerves the warriors arm,
Enchains man's fierce relentless foe,
Protects for aye his own from harm.

Oh! Sceptic turn from nature's wheels,
From Ceasar's reign and Bona's loss;
Oh! turn and look where GOD reveals,
Himself in love upon the Cross,—
Look doubting one, look and confess,
The GODHEAD shines in mercy here,
Here "Rosseau" bowed in weariness,
Here shed in truth one trembling tear.

Reason accords with Heaven's plan,
Is ne'er opposed to Heaven's will

A gracious light to feeble man—
For God and Truth a witness still!
Whoso discards all things abstruse
Can naught believe, love, or obey,
'Tis not the use, but proud abuse,
Of Reason's light, that leads astray.

Oh! give me then, thou GREAT SUPREME,
By me believed, adored, confest,
To walk in thine unsullied beam,—
Thy Spirit still to cheer my breast;
To look through Nature up to Thee,
And holier grow with every breath;
And feel thy staff to comfort me,
When passing through the vale of death.



EPITAPH.

IN MEMORY OF MRSS. L—

She lived a meek and blameless life,
A faithful mother, friend and wife,
The christian name adorning;
On Jesus' breast she fell asleep,
Who will her mouldering ashes keep,
Till the resurection morning!

THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHERLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"WAS ITS DER DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND."

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it where Jacob's fire-led band,
In silence circled Sinai's base,
While glory crowned their leaders face?
Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!
He claims a nobler Fatherland.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it on India's hallowed strand,
Where Herod's sinless victims fell,
The birthplace of Emmanuel?
Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!
His is a wider Fatherland.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it by Afric's breezes fanned?
Is it around the northern pole,
Or where Genessareth's waters roll?
Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!
Still better is his Fatherland.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Does East or West the name demand?
Where Luther stood the threatening shock,
Or is it e'en Old Plymouth Rock?
Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!
His is a glorious Fatherland.

High is the Christian's Fatherland!
Where blood-washed Saints and Angels stand!
Around our Father's throne above,
Where all is light, and life, and love.
Oh, Lord! reach forth thy helping hand,
And lift us to our Fatherland.



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